The Relief Society Magazine

32 NO. 1 Lessons for April JANUARY 1945

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THE RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

Monthly publication of the Relief Society of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints

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THE RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

VOL. 32, NO. 1 JANUARY 1945

FROSTED TREES

Grace M. Candland

All trees in winter are a lovely sight
When frost has settled round each limb and branch,
As if some elfin artist would enhance
Our joy, and make the somber day more bright.
These jeweled pencils pointing to the sky
Or fragile rods of pure white peppermint
Are bits of glory without measured stint
To tempt the notice of each passerby.

The bitter winds and heaps of ice and snow
Reveal a magic beauty all their own,
And from their ample frigid arms we know
The grand array of springtime buds are blown.

Life, too, must have its cold and darksome day
And yield its treasure as it slips away.

The Cover: The cover "Winter in City Creek Canyon, Salt Lake City, Utah" is from a photograph by Grace O. Tuttle.

GENERAL PRESIDENCY OF RELIEF SOCIETY

PRESIDENT AMY BROWN LYMAN

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New Year's Message

AT the opening of a new year, we are generally more inclined than at any other time to try to visualize what lies immediately ahead. We wonder what the new year will bring. It is a time also when we are most inclined to make new resolutions and new plans, taking into account the mistakes and failures of the past and focusing our attention on our highest and most cherished ideals.

And now what of this new year? What will it bring? With war raging all around the globe, impoverishing the whole earth, and inflicting on civilization the severest blows which it has ever received, with sorrow and tragedy entering home after home, the future seems discouraging and unpredictable. We therefore face the new year with sad hearts and with our minds disturbed and perplexed and filled with anxiety, apprehension, and uncertainty.

It is obvious that our first duty, and that which lies closest at hand, is to do what is humanly possible to comfort those who are sad and bereft and, through earnest and sober prayer, ask our Heavenly Father to bless them and to give us all divine guidance through this period of peril.

Let us, however, not lose hope, let us not lose faith. Let us cling to the thought that the thousands, yes millions, of peace-loving, righteous, God-fearing people in the world can, through faith and works and prayers, help to bring about what one philosopher has called "the rule of intelligence, of morals and of law." Let us remember what the Lord said toAbraham regarding the righteous as a protection to the wicked. In Genesis 18:26 we read, "And the Lord said, If I find in Sodom fifty righteous within the city, then I will spare all the place for their sakes." He later declared that he would save the city if only ten righteous could be found.

Let us have faith and keep in mind the words of Jesus to his disciples: "And Jesus rebuked the devil; and he departed out of him: and the child was cured from that very hour. Then came the disciples to Jesus apart, and said, Why could not we cast him out? And Jesus said unto them, Because of your unbelief: for verily I say unto you, If ye have faith as a grain of mustard seed, ye shall say unto this mountain, Remove hence to yonder place; and it shall remove; and nothing shall be impossible unto you" (Matt. 17:18-20).

What the world most needs today is the acceptance and application of the laws of God as these are set forth in the Decalogue, and amplified by the Savior in the Sermon on the Mount. When the children of Israel strayed away from the teachings of their Maker, when they set up and worshipped an idol in the form of a golden calf, through Moses they were given the Ten Commandments written by God with his own hand on tablets of stone.

When Christ came to redeem Israel and the world, he restated, emphasized, and amplified the teachings of Sinai. These laws and teachings are fundamental and eternal.

And now, today, when so many people have departed from or set aside the laws and teachings of God and, in their place, have set up new man-made philosophies which have brought upon mankind many great and mighty evils the like of which the world has never known before, it is time for us to struggle, as best we can, to apply these fundamental teachings which have been a guide through the ages, and to awaken in the hearts of all people such an interest in the things of God that they will make an effort to live righteous lives and thus help to bring peace and freedom to all mankind.

Amy Brown Lyman
Marcia K. Howells
Belle S. Spafford

General Presidency

SUNSET ON NEW YEAR'S EVE

Courtney E. Cottam

Slowly, upon the twilight's frozen blue,
The embered sunrays paint carnelian flame—
Flame without warmth, mocking remembered hue
Of summer's passion-born, resplendent name.
Leaf-barren trees, in icy crystolence,
Patterned on sorrow-darkened pain of dusk,
Stand mute and statuesque, upraised against
The promised grandeur of the sunset-husk.

Yet rhythmically, the pulsing undertone
Of life flows swiftly, warmly through the earth,
Bidding mankind arise and claim his own;
The sunset flame is promise of rebirth.
Faith turns the year; faith bids the heart look up
And fills the New Year's Eve with pledging cup.

Award Winners

Eliza Roxey Snow Memorial Prize Poem Contest

THE Relief Society General Board is pleased to announce the names of the three prize winners in the 1944 Eliza R. Snow Memorial Prize Poem Contest. This contest was announced in the June 1944 issue of the *Magazine* and closed September 15, 1944.

The first prize of twenty dollars is awarded to Vesta Pierce Crawford, 1067 East 5th South, Salt Lake City, for her poem "For Recompense."

The second prize of fifteen dollars is awarded to Christie Lund Coles, 2648 Hartford, Salt Lake City, for her poem "Aftermath."

The third prize of ten dollars is awarded to Caroline Eyring Miner, 1011 North 8th East, Logan, Utah, for her poem "That Which Sustains."

This poem contest has been conducted annually by the Relief Society General Board since 1923 in honor of Eliza R. Snow, second general president of Relief Society.

The contest is open to all Latter-day Saint women and is designed to encourage poetry writing and to increase appreciation for creative writing and the beauty and value of poetic verse. Prize-winning poems are the property of the Relief Society General Board and may not be used for publication by others except upon written permission from the General Board. The General Board reserves the right to publish any of the other poems submitted, paying for them at the time of publication at the regular *Magazine* rate. A writer who has received the first prize for two consecutive years must wait two years before she is again eligible to enter the contest.

There were seventy-one poems submitted in this year's contest. The General Board congratulates the prize winners and expresses appreciation to all entrants for their interest in the contest and the general excellence of work submitted.

The Board sincerely thanks the three judges for their valuable assistance in selecting the prize-winning poems. The contribution of the General Board's poem committee is also greatly appreciated.

The prize-winning poems, together with photographs of the prize-winning contestants, are published herewith.

Prize-Winning Poems

Eliza Roxey Snow Memorial Prize Poem Contest

VESTA PIERCE CRAWFORD

First Prize Poem

For Recompense

Vesta Pierce Crawford

I What shall he find when sounds of cannon cease
And after long wandering he returns
To his own land, his dream deferred, and peace?
And what shall comfort the heart that yearns
To lose the memory of sacrifice,
What valid solace shall his loved ones give
To heal the lost look in a soldier's eyes,
By what eternal measure shall he live?

Give him the river's song, the shadowed hill,
A road that leads to his familiar door,
Make his mornings eager and his midnight still

And give to him the love he waited for;
Give him this recompense, confirm his choice—
Children's laughter—home—a woman's voice.

II Metal that made the sword can shape a plow,
The tool of promise, strength, security—
Give a man the brighter blade, show him how
To cleave the ground in furrowed symmetry,
This is an ancient truth and long revealed,
Dominion of the earth is sure defense,
And by this touch a broken man is healed—
In seed and soil he finds his recompense.

For there is solace where the snow has lain
And comfort when the fallow season turns
To April's chalice and the sound of rain.
Once more, like hopeful grass, the seared heart learns
That tenure of the earth alone can bring
The jewelled sunlight to the field of spring.

III In Sabbath twilight let the soldier find
The open door, the edifice of prayer,
Let all the battered ramparts of his mind
Receive the sound of benediction there.
Too vivid still he bears the lash of memory,
And yet the sacred parables can light
The wilderness of doubt that men may see
A lambent star above the hills of night.

Give him the quietness of sacrament,
The Bible's treasured word and organ tone,
The union of this brotherhood be sent
For recompense that once he knelt alone;
And let only luminous words be said
In worship when the soldier bows his head.

Vesta P. Crawford has five times been a winner in the Eliza R. Snow Poem Contest conducted annually since 1923, and twice in the Annual Relief Society Short Story Contest inaugurated in 1942. She is a member of the League of Utah Writers, the Art Barn Poetry Group, and the Sonneteers. She is a regular contributor to Church magazines and also markets her work with national publications. She is literature class leader in the Relief Society of the Thirty-third Ward, Salt Lake City.

CHRISTIE LUND COLES

Second Prize Poem

Aftermath

Christie Lund Coles

I

Today I walked with autumn on a hill
And all the autumns of our past came back;
All the wide acres of my heart grew still
As swallows traced the sky in seamless track;
My heart was heavy with its aching loss,
The honk of wild geese left me as forlorn
And desolate as barren trees, across
The far horizon where the mist is born.

Today I walked with autumn and with this—
An hour of stark and timeless quietude;
I knew all I could bear of loneliness,
I faced infinities of solitude.

For memories too, leave but a seamless track,
Since loneliness nor tears can bring you back!

II

I remember a day of autumn weather—
The lift of the wind and the slant of sun,
The edge of cold when winter was at its tether,
The scent of trampled leaves as the year was done;
And while I walk alone in these same places,
I think of you, the wall of slivered rain,
The brook-cool air upon our lifted faces,
The words we whispered that were said in vain.

I know a sudden, dark, recurrent yearning,
Remembering that opalescent dusk
Lying on valleys where the season, turning,
Was marked by jeweled sun on the corn's dry husk;

Still I am sure as leaves in autumn weather
That in the wind of death we'll be together.

III

Sleep, beloved, here where the grass is fluted
By the wind on this green and lonely hill,
Sleep and be glad that your anguish is muted,
Sleep undisturbed by the world at its kill;
Now I must stand here alone, bereft, seeing
The town where we walked alive and unaware
That death could part us, sorrow eat at our being,
Betray us, track us down like a beast to its lair.

Soon I will go back into the city,
Back to the clamor and passions of men,
I will not expect nor find any pity,
Uncomforted, I will lie awake again

With loneliness beyond the name of grief—
Yet spring returns . . and life . . and budding leaf.

This is the second time Christie Lund Coles has been an award winner in the Eliza R. Snow Poem Contest having received first prize in last year's contest. She also won second prize in the Annual Relief Society Short Story Contest for 1943. Mrs. Coles is a member of the League of Utah Writers, the Barnacles, the Art Barn Poetry Group, and the Sonneteers. She is a regular contributor to Church magazines and also markets work with *Saturday Evening Post, Good Housekeeping, New York Times, Tomorrow* and other national publications. She has served Relief Society as a member of the Spokane Relief Society District Board and also as a literature class leader in the Park Avenue Ward in Salt Lake City.

CAROLINE EYRING MINER

Third Prize Poem

That Which Sustains

Caroline Eyring Miner

Yesterday

They knew, who walked the trackless desert miles,
Who breathed the dust the oxen powdered fine
And forded rivers, trying to divine
The way where savage, beast, would not discern
Their presence. They who walked in endless files
And halted but to dig their graves—no sign
To mark the spot—they knew the great design
Could not be stayed nor curbed by man's concern.
They knew they were the instruments of God
And these were moments of eternity.
The thought sustained them as they slowly trod
Their way. This was for their posterity.
Because their purpose was divine, complete,
Their weariness, their sacrifice, was sweet.

Today

Within this quiet church they surely know.
The warm light filters through the colored glass
And gold and silver merge as minutes pass
And sunlight touches young and older heads
Bent reverently. The flowers in the low
White bowl are gay and bright, a lovely mass
Of bloom. No harmony can ever surpass
This scene of perfect peace. And as he reads,
"The Lord is verily our own good shepherd,"
The speaker knows that all assembled feel
Secure, despite the warring world, the Lord
Who led them here, will to their sons reveal
His power in their extremest need. To be
So certain is to glimpse eternity.

Tomorrow

I know that though the sun goes down today,
Tomorrow it will rise again; the flower,
Remembered perfume, colored dust, an hour
From now, in God's own time, will bloom again.
These things I know for I have seen. They say
I only have the vision of this earth, the power
To know the clearly proven fact. The Tower
Of Babel was confusion, for those men
Sought heaven by building solid rock and stone.
Is sweet content the fruit of other tree?
The peace beyond our knowledge comes alone
Through perfect trust and faith and will to see
That God yet rules the troubled earth and through
The sacrament of sorrow, he'll come to you.

Caroline Eyring Miner is a first-time winner in the Eliza R. Snow Poem Contest, but her work is by no means new to readers of *The Relief Society Magazine* as she has been a contributor to this publication for a number of years. Her work has also appeared in other Church magazines and is included in *Utah Sings*. She is a member of the League of Utah Writers, and the Quillers, a writers' group of Logan. Her interest in creative writing is revealed in the subject of her thesis for her Master's degree "The Motivation of Creative Writing in High School." She is a member of the Cache County Library Board, and literature leader of the Cache Stake Relief Society Board.

Award Winners

Annual Relief Society Short Story Contest

THE Relief Society General Board is pleased to announce the names of the award winners in the short story contest which was announced in the June 1944 issue of the *Magazine* and which closed September 15, 1944.

The first prize of thirty-five dollars is awarded to Ethel Newman Eccles, 4408 First Place, N.E., Washington, D.C., for her story "Rock Roses of Nazareth."

The second prize of twenty-five dollars is awarded to Vesta Pierce Crawford, 1067 East 5th South, Salt Lake City, for her story "The Bureau."

The third prize of fifteen dollars is awarded to Dorothy Clapp Robinson, 119 Eiden Drive, Boise, Idaho, for her story "Though A Host Encamp Against Thee."

This short story contest, first conducted by the Relief Society General Board in 1941 as a feature of the centennial observance, was made an annual contest in 1942. The contest is open only to Latter-day Saint women who have had at least one literary composition published or accepted for publication by the editor of a publication of recognized merit.

The three prize-winning stories are to be published consecutively in the first three issues of the *Magazine* for 1945. Prize-winning stories become the property of the General Board and may not be published by others except by written permission from the General Board. The General Board reserves the right to publish any of the other stories entered in the contest, paying for them at regular *Magazine* rate at the time of publication. A writer who has received first prize for two consecutive years must wait two years before she is again eligible to enter the contest.

Thirty-one manuscripts were submitted in the contest for 1944. This contest is stimulating Latter-day Saint women to do creative writing in the field of fiction.

The General Board congratulates the prize-winning contestants and expresses appreciation to all whose work was entered in the contest. The General Board sincerely thanks the three judges for their excellent service in selecting the prize-winning stories, and acknowledges with appreciation the work of the General Board's short story contest committee.

Stories, together with photographs of the award-winning contestants, will appear in the *Magazine* as follows: January 1945 "Rock Roses of Nazareth" by Ethel Newman Eccles; February 1945 "The Bureau" by Vesta Pierce Crawford; March 1945 "Though A Host Encamp Against Thee" by Dorothy Clapp Robinson.

Prize-Winning Story

Annual Relief Society Short Story Contest

First Prize Story

Rock Roses of Nazareth

Ethel Newman Eccles

A bluish mist hung over the silent little village. The murky darkness trailed off into pale gray above the rolling hills in the distance. Spring in Nazareth was a paradise, and it was spring.

Nazareth lay among the hills 1200 feet above the sea. It could be reached from the fertile plain below only by a tedious climb through a narrow, steep, and rough mountain path.

Here lived Lydia. Her house was one of the finest; its courtyard one of the most comfortable, and its roof commanded an unsurpassed view. Here she sat in her leisure hours by the window. With soft, brown eyes she looked across the low-roofed houses, built of yellow-white limestone, so dazzling in the sun. From her smooth forehead fell the white woven veil of the young Jewish maiden. It fell in weighty folds about her slender figure. Her dress was low-cut, and of the finest fabric. It spread about her lovely, sandal-clad feet in cascades of purest white. The room was bare save for a few mats lying evenly against the wall. The water jars stood before the door.

The landscape of distant hills, the nearer view of square-roofed houses with their purity of line and color,

ETHEL NEWMAN ECCLES

and the immaculate interior of the tiny house well befitted the spirit of the beautiful Jewish maiden, for Lydia's heart was pure.

Many a long day this lovely girl had gone about her household chores with one, great, overwhelming thought lighting the way: The Christ, yes, he was to come; to be born as a tiny babe; and greatest of all great joys, he was to come to a Jewish maiden.

Lydia raised herself from the low stool. She passed her hand lightly over her forehead and down her cheeks to her rounding throat. Through the soft folds of her dress she touched her slender figure. Silently she bowed her head in thanksgiving for this strength and loveliness. For might not the Holy Father see fit to crown her womanhood with the greatest of all the desires of a Jewish maiden: to be the mother of the Christ?

Lydia hugged the thought to her heart. In her strong young arms she held, in her mind's eye, the tiny body of her little son. And, in the overwhelming joyousness at the thought, she prayed, in the purity of her soul, that she, of all the Jewish maidens, might be the one chosen to bear God's Son.

Darkness fell, and still Lydia knelt by the little white stool, her head bowed in prayer and her heart beating in wild desire. A strange peace came over her, an assurance that the Holy Father, with his understanding kindness, was near; that he had heard her prayer, she was sure. Would he answer it?

The enveloping peace that had come to her in this sweet hour gave her hope, enveloping, heavenly hope.

It was here that Joses found her when he came with jars of fresh water from the well. Joses, too, had one great hope—that some day Lydia would become his wife; for were they not of marriageable age and of the same station?

He stepped lightly over the threshold, leaving his sandals outside. He lifted Lydia to her feet and with strong arms drew her to him. Gently she put her hands to his shoulders and pushed him away. "No, Joses," she said, "the Christ has not yet come to earth. Let us forget that we once had thoughts for each other." The pallor of her face told him that she had reached this decision after many sleepless nights. In that moment the young Jewish boy knew that Lydia would live only for the coming of the Son of God.

Each day Joses came as of other days. He carried her water jars and attended to the little tasks that needed to be done. Always he followed the stately moving Lydia with hungering eyes. Always she was kind, always grateful, but always living in the dreamy future. For her there was but one great thought: the Christ would come to a Jewish maiden, pure of heart. For this Lydia lived.

Day followed day, and her longing became more intense. More and more she lived to herself, and more and more shut Joses away from her life. She busied herself in her garden, which yielded for her sweet tending red anemone, pink phlox, rock roses, and the asphodel. On her day she went to the synagogue, but only by the back street, and veiled.

Joses still brought the water jars, but never lingered into the shadowy evenings. Finally he came not at all. Lydia drew the water from the well, and the tasks that were too heavy for her were left undone.

From her window she could see Joses often walking with other Jewish maidens along the sloping vineyards, or hear his pleasant laugh rise clear from among the white and scarlet blossoms of orange and pomegranate. She turned from the temptation to call Joses back to her.

She longed to make him happy; and yet, surely, the dear Lord would meet out to Joses a goodly portion, for had he not been always a good Nazarene?

SPRINGTIME came again to Nazareth; the glorious springtime that only Nazareth can know. Lydia remained joyous and hopeful through the brilliant sunshine and color. But when later the trees were barren and the low, dry hills spread endlessly in the distance, disturbing thoughts took hold of her, tortuously. It was only a few months later that the signs for which everyone watched, and which everyone knew, came to pass.

Cradled in a manger and honored by shepherds and wise men, the Christ, the Savior of the world, was born. True, to a Jewish maiden, but not to the lovely Lydia.

It was not long after the coming of the Savior that the news came to Lydia. It was Joses who brought it to her; not as a mockery or in the spirit of exultation. Only that she might need him now—a friend. For only Joses knew the disappointment Lydia could feel.

He found her kneeling above the low prayer stool. The folds of her lovely dress and veil fell in soft, loose folds about her. The light of hope and sweetness shone from her clear young eyes as she rose at Joses' entering.

He told her simply and reverently of the message of Christ's birth that had been carried over the land. Lydia rose and stood before him, poised as if ready for flight. For one short moment she stood before him thus, while the light of hope faded from her face.

Joses watched her anguish. He took her two warm hands in his. "My Lydia," he said, "other sons and daughters of our Father will be sent to earth. Mayhap one will come yet to you that will fill your heart's longing."

"Think you, Joses, that my longing for the Son of God has been wrong in his sight?" Lydia asked.

"For you, my Lydia, there is no wrong," Joses replied. He put his arms tenderly about her. This time she did not draw back. The tears dried on her lashes. She took Joses' strong, kind hand in her own and dropping to her knees beside the little stool, she prayed.

A quiet peace came over her. "Bless thou that other Jewish maiden with joy in her little Son." Thus she prayed because her heart was pure.

Ethel Newman Eccles, a native of Salt Lake City now living in Washington, D.C., enters her work for the first time in the Annual Relief Society Short Story Contest to emerge winner of first prize. Mrs. Eccles has for some time been writing prose, poetry, and fiction. Her early work was published in the *Gold and Blue*, a L.D.S. high school periodical, and later in *Playground*, issued by the Playground System of Washington, D.C. She was at one time special reporter for the Deseret News with a column in each Saturday edition. She is at present contemplating the publication of her work in book form. She is an active Relief Society worker; prior to her recent move to Washington, D.C., she was Relief Society president of the Cleveland District of the Northern States Mission.

A Few of Our Gifted Utah Women Artists

Alice Merrill Horne

Former Member of Relief Society General Board

Part II

—Hattie Richards Harwood

PETUNIAS AT WINDOW

HATTIE RICHARDS HARWOOD — While Dr. Heber John Richards was visiting and traveling in art centers of Europe with his wife and daughters, Hattie married, in the city of Paris, J. T. Harwood, her former art teacher in Utah. The young couple spent their honeymoon at Pont Aven—a French fishing port where they both painted. Hattie Harwood's still life "Pumpkin" won a name for the young artist in a day, when it was accepted and hung in the beautiful Woman's Building of the Columbian Exposition at Chicago. Hattie was a painter of flowers, too. Her still life was distinguished. Hattie's father and her grandfather, Dr. Willard Richards, who was first editor of the Deseret News, were both college men of high attainments. Hattie, too, possessed a legal mind. She read her father's scientific works, took extension courses in research, and such studies as geology and astronomy at the University of Utah. Hattie's mother, Julia Johnson, was a daughter of Ellis Johnson, biologist and horticulturist of Southern Utah in pioneer days. Both mother and daughter had the gift to propagate rare house plants. The Harwoods went to California in search of greater art opportunities. The young mother, stricken with a toxic goiter, was forced to lie in bed. From books brought her from the public libraries, before her death, she went, in imagination, with the North and South Polar Expeditions. Ruth Harwood, poet and illustrator, is their daughter. Harwood painted several lovely portraits of his beautiful wife. A school collection should be named for her and contain some of her own work, and also some of Harwood's portraits of this gifted woman.

—Rachel Grant Taylor

THE HOME OF YESTERYEAR

Rachel Grant Taylor — In Rachel Grant Taylor's recent water colors is seen a rich flowering of a gift to paint. The Heber City Central School has named its collection for Rachel Grant Taylor.

The school children purchased Rachel's "Blossoming Trees" and the artist presented "Yesteryear's Barn." The Alice Merrill Horne gift was Rachel's "Pleasant Valley Hill Foliage." This painting of charm reveals oak brush which is almost moving. The whole landscape seems diffused with a soft light reminiscent of the end of day. Also there is a feeling of the last day of summer. This painting, purchased for a gift painting to honor Bathsheba W. Smith, pioneer artist, is a part of Mrs. Taylor's collection.

Rachel's love for art is not stronger than her husband's, for John H. Taylor, though modest of his prowess, is an art collector in his own right and cherishes his art collection.

Ruth Ballard Snow — a Utah artist who resides at Arlington, Va., is winning for herself a place among contemporary American artists. Mrs. Snow holds membership in the Society of Washington Artists, and Virginia Art League. Her work has been exhibited at the Philips Memorial Gallery and with the Society of Washington Etchers, Carnegie Library. Recently, at the Seventeenth Biennial Exhibition in the Corcoran Gallery of Art, she won honorable mention. She is an art instructor at Corcoran Art School, being assistant to Nickolai Cicousky, the noted figure painter.

Formerly in Utah as head of Granite High art department, her

—Ruth Ballard Snow

PORTRAIT OF MY MOTHER

work was more or less profound. Ruth married Dale C. Snow and went to Washington where her husband was employed with the Government. Opportuhities came fast from the day she entered Corcoran School to continue her art studies. The work of this artist has found ready sale in Utah when she exhibits with the Utah Art Colony of which she is a cherished member. In the East, sales follow her exhibitions. Mrs. Snow's father, the late Melvin J. Ballard, has been recognized for his eloquence as a preacher and he could have made a place for himself in the concert hall with his fine baritone voice. Like her father, Mary Ruth, as she is often called, possesses a fine presence, is a good speaker and wins friends by her charming personality. Her mother has the gift of design. The writer, with President Emmeline B. Wells, visited the Ballard home in Portland as guests of the Northwestern Mission. Mrs. Ballard's home management, her hospitality, her entertainment of guests, and the work of her hands shown in clothing her children and decorating the home, revealed an artistic temperament which carried over to Mary Ruth.

Grace Cutler Solomon, granddaughter of the late John C. Cutler, has gifts in her own right. A water colorist of varied attainments, she writes verse and paints pictures as did her poet uncle, Alfred Lambourne. This young artist's Winter Exhibition contained a subtle "Winter Fields" as well as "House of Memories," which bravely depicted a quaint pioneer home—both water colors were snatched up by a private

—Grace C. Solomon

GARDEN FLOWERS

—Ida May Savage

ANCIENT POTTERY

collector. Mrs. Solomon is often represented by a design which is fancifully created from one flower. Several collections have chosen her design from a magnolia or some other favorite flower. This ambitious artist is able to maintain a beautiful home and family life with her gifted husband, C. Francis Solomon. Recently she, with her daughter, was in Chicago, brushing up at the Chicago Art Institute.

Ida May Savage was blue-eyed, fair, a true blonde, with a charming personality. She was a promising student of Harwood and painted flowers with flower quality. There was grace and charm in her compositions and she painted only clean color. Daughter of Charles R. Savage who made a circle of love for art around him, Ida died too young, and to keep her memory green the lovely creations of her hand could well be brought together to establish a school collection with her dear name attached thereto.

Mary Teasdel — a much traveled person, was a graduate of the University of Utah. She studied piano, voice, and an extended art course under J. T. Harwood and continued in Paris for three years. On her return home, Miss Teasdel was elected third president of the Utah Art Institute when, with the help of Cyrus E. Dallin, her close friend, the New York and Boston artists sent outstanding canvases to the annual exhibition held at the old Social Hall. Mary took her mother with her for a second trip to Europe. Miss Teasdel was a brilliant conversationalist and correspondent. Perhaps no other art teacher was more inspiring than Mary. She possessed a remarkable vocabulary and her knowledge of art was broad. The writer has heard her criticisms in class lectures illustrating a certain problem in art. She would say, "Velasquez the Spanish painter would render the problem this way; Rembrandt used this method; Rubens treated it like this; and

—Mary Teasdel

BLOSSOMS

James McNeill Whistler (who was her main inspiration) would have this version." Any art student would be fortunate to be under Mary Teasdel's wing. J. T. Harwood, her teacher, had the first painting from Utah hung in the Salon. Mary Teasdel was next to be hung in the Spring Salon. She had the honor of having three miniatures chosen for the French Exposition in 1900. Two of her portraits are in the State Alice Art Collection which received the $300 prize. She had the gift to achieve simplicity in her work, for in her fine use of colors as well as in the painting of rich fabrics, she accomplished perhaps the greatest quality of art—repose. Thirty-two of Mary Teasdel's paintings hang in a memorial collection as a civic collection at the Smithfield Carnegie Public Library.

Hilma Mole Payne — One of Utah's virile artists and named among the 500 American artists — paints with enthusiasm Utah's blue skies, the Weber River, cottonwood trees, blossoming orchards, spring, and reflections in both pond and running brook. Hilma Mole studied

with Harwood at the University of Utah. A trip abroad visiting the galleries of both the Old World and the United States did much for this ambitious artist. Hilma begins right by first creating a design for her pictures. She is a colorist and knows her tools well; and so produces works of art. Coupled with the ability to work, Hilma has the necessary qualifications to make what we call a "born artist." She is also a financier. Last fall when the pickers failed to appear at the Payne orchard, she gathered 400 bushels of apples and sold them, too. The Wasatch High School Hilma Mole Payne Art Collection in Heber City is among the best of Utah's thirty public school collections. In addition, her work is hung in many other picture galleries and private collections in the State. A. J. Payne, her husband, and James, the son, are proud of the accomplishments of this woman who is winning a name for herself in the Utah Art Colony exhibitions. Mr. Payne, a native of Tennessee, once kept the missionaries from being mobbed, and then made friends with the mobbers who joined his Sunday School class.

UNOBLITERATED STILL

Dott J. Sartori

When the wintertime that fills
Every footprint on these hills
Shall make the mountain slope as white
As the summer moon tonight,
I shall still see columbine
And blue clematis that twine
In the thickets, and the doe
With her swollen udder go
Bounding out a lace design,
The summer canyon shall be mine
And memory retrace the trail
Unobliterated still.

Palestine

Dr. Leland Hargrave Creer
Head of the Department of History and Political Science, University of Utah

Part II

[This is the last installment of the final article in the series by Dr. Creer on the historical background of some of the countries involved in the present war. The map of Palestine appeared in the *Magazine* for December 1944.—Ed.]

IN the administration of their mandate obligations with regard to Palestine, the British were too ready to believe that the French would show genuine consideration for Arab hopes and ambitions elsewhere. In this they were to be mistaken. While, in 1936, the French permitted the twin republics of Lebanon and Syria to become established, they have yet to promise the much-sought-for independence of these states. Hence, the Arabs have become increasingly discontented. French maladministration, too, in Syria, culminated in the infamous Druse Revolt in 1927. The British have been unduly optimistic, also, in that they have consistently entertained the opinion that the economic advantages occasioned by the Jewish occupation of Palestine would overcome racial and political prejudices there. It is true that the increasing prosperity of Palestine occasioned by the successful efforts of the Zionists to reclaim the land and to develop the natural resources of the country, for awhile, did allay the hostility of the Arabs. But, when the number of Jewish immigrants increased until by 1929 some 160,000 had entered the country and it was feared that a complacent minority might soon become an aggressive and ambitious majority, the Arabs became increasingly restless and flared up into open revolt in 1929.

On September 1, 1922, Sir Herbert Samuel, British High Commissioner, promulgated a constitution for Palestine. It provided for a high commissioner, a commander-in-chief and an appointive executive council. There was also to be a legislative council, consisting of the high commissioner and twenty-two deputies, ten of whom were to be appointed by the high commissioner and the remaining twelve (eight Moslems, two Christian, and two Jews) to be elected. The Moslems, however, considered the arrangement to be unfair, and refused to participate in the elections. Thereupon, the high commissioner was obliged to govern with the aid, only, of an appointive council.

Friction between Arabs and Jews crystallized into a violent Anti-Jewish onthrust in August 1930. The Arabs complained particularly of the British land legislation which, they claimed, had enabled the Zionist to buy up large portions of the none-too-plentiful arable land, thus threatening the existence of thousands of Arabs. They also objected to the type of Jewish immigrants, who, they declared, were refugees of the lower classes from Russia, Rumania, and Poland, and these, they averred, entertained radical political philosophies, dangerous and inimical to the safety and security of the state. In the civil war which fol-

lowed, several Jewish villages were attacked and more than 100 Jews killed. The British Government rushed warships and supplies to the scene and quickly restored order. A special British Court of Inquiry, headed by Sir Walter Shaw, established as the cause of the rioting "the Arab feeling of animosity and hostility toward the Jews, consequent upon the disappointment of their political and national aspirations, and for their economic future." Part of this important report is worth reproducing here.

> The Arab population, while lacking the advantages enjoyed by the Jewish settler, has been by an excess of births over deaths increasing rapidly, while the land available for their sustenance has decreased by about 250,000 acres. This area has passed into Jewish hands. It can now be definitely stated that at the present time and with the present methods of Arab cultivation there remains no margin of land available for agricultural development by new immigrants, with the exception of such underdeveloped land as the various Jewish organizations hold in reserve.

It was further pointed out that the Jewish Foundation Fund, which rented land to the Jews, forbade the employment of Arab labor on its soil, and that the policy of the General Federation of Jewish Labor was to import Jewish workers rather than to hire landless Arabs.

THE publication of the Shaw report caused the British Government to modify its policy, and to suspend, indefinitely, immigration permits already issued to some 2400 prospective Jewish immigrants. This action was enthusiastically received by the Palestinian Arabs, who now evidenced their readiness to co-operate by supporting the constitution of 1922. But the Jews, both within and without Palestine, were angry. Dr. Chaim Weizmann resigned as president of the World Zionist Organization. The British Government was accused of a "cruel and unfair betrayal" and of "almost unparalleled ingratitude." But the MacDonald Government (1931) insisted that it was simply striving to carry out the three-fold task of giving the Jews a National Home in Palestine, of dealing fairly with the large Moslem majority, and of preparing the land for eventual self-government.

In accordance with the recommendation of the Shaw Commission, still further investigations were undertaken in Palestine. Sir John Hope Simpson spent three months inquiring into problems of land settlement, immigration, and the development of the mandate system. The Hope Simpson Report was published in October 1930. This was followed by a government statement of policy, known as the Lord Passfield White Paper. Both documents supported the Shaw Report and endorsed the new British policy of restricted immigration. However, in 1932, the government relaxed its immigration restrictions to the extent of permitting Jews to enter Palestine provided they were farmers, merchants, or businessmen, who possessed at least $2500 in capital. It was also announced that a labor quota of 4500 would be permitted during a six-months' period, commencing October 1, 1932. By 1933, there were in Palestine more than 200,000 Jews, and the amount of land held by them had increased twelvefold since the close of World War I (1918). The new Jewish city, Tel Aviv, was reported to have a population of

60,000 in 1933, and to be increasing at the rate of 12,000 a year.

As the number of Jewish immigrants steadily increased—until the number of those entering Palestine in 1935 reached 61,854 as compared with 42,359 for the previous year, and only 5,249 for the year 1929, and this despite the restrictive immigration policy adopted by the British Government following the publication of the Shaw Report in 1930—friction between Arabs and Jews became more intense, and culminated, finally, in the Arab National Strike in 1936. The actual density of population in Palestine had increased from seventy-eight per square mile in 1919, to over 130 per square mile in 1936. By 1937, the total population was nearly 1,400,000, of which about 400,000 (or over one-fourth) were Jewish. According to informed observers, it was calculated that if Jewish immigration were to continue at the rate reached in 1935, it would overtake the Arab figure in twelve years, and that if it continued at only half the rate, at 30,000 per year, the two peoples would be approximately equal in 1960.

As the year 1936 approached, the prevailing Arabic unrest in Palestine was aggravated by a number of external incidents. Among these might be mentioned the Italian-Ethiopean conflict with its serious repercussions against both the British and the French in Egypt and Syria, both neighboring Arab states. In Syria, the Arabs successfully demanded and received a guarantee of republican government. A Memorandum filed by the Palestinian Arabs, in November 1935, amounted to an ultimatum to the British high commissioner—the price of future Arab cooperation. The most important demands included (1) the establishment of a democratic government; (2) prohibition of the transfer of Arab lands to the Jews; and (3) a drastic curtailment of the immigration quota. It was recommended that, for the latter purpose, a "competent committee" should be set up "to determine the absorptive capacity of the country," and that "there should be an immediate interim suspension of the Jewish immigration."

Failure of High Commissioner Sir Arthur Wauchope, to respond immediately to the Memorandum, led to the proclamation, on April 15, 1936, of an Arab National Political Strike directed against the British Mandatory Government. Organized terrorism was let loose upon the countryside. There were strikes in the towns; guerilla warfare in the highlands; looting and armed robbery and sabotage throughout the whole of Palestine. During the six months that the strike was in progress, there were about 400 Jewish and 800 Arab casualties. Quick military action by the British brought the Strike to an end in October 1936.

Like previous uprisings, the National Arab Strike was followed by the dispatch of a British Court of Inquiry, this time the Peel and Woodhead Commissions, "to investigate the underlying causes and to propose remedies." The "underlying causes" of the friction were found to be the same as those which had led to the disturbances of 1920, 1921, 1929, and 1933, namely, "the desire of the Arabs for national independence and their hatred and fear of the Jewish National Home."

Among the recommendations made by the Commission were the

following: adequate political representation for the Arabs through a Pan-Arab assembly; restriction and safeguarding of the sale of Arab lands; censorship, for the time being, of both Jewish and Arab newspapers; the formation of Arab co-operative societies on the same pattern as those founded by the Zionists; and the increased restriction of Jewish immigration based upon the principles of "political" and "economic absorptive capacity of Palestine," which, for five years after its initiation, would limit Jewish immigrants to an annual maximum of 12,000 persons.

The Commission's one revolutionary recommendation, however, was the surgical operation of partition. The following illuminating extract from the Peel Report explains the reason for this suggestion:

> The application to Palestine of the Mandate System in general and of the specific mandate in particular implied the belief that the obligations thus undertaken towards the Arabs and the Jews respectively would prove in course of time to be mutually compatible owing to the conciliatory effect on the Palestinian Arabs of the material prosperity which Jewish immigration would bring to Palestine as a whole. That belief has not been justified, and there seems to be no hope of its being justified in the future.

Reduced to its simplest terms, the recommendation of partition envisioned the establishment of two sovereign independent states, plus a mandated area or enclave, which should contain Jerusalem and Bethlehem. The Arab state would comprise Eastern Palestine and Transjordania; the Jewish National Home was to encompass Northern Palestine, including the Jezreel and Esdraelon valleys, and all the fertile coastal plain. It was intended that the mandated area should include Jerusalem, Bethlehem, and Nazareth, together with a corridor extending from the former to the Mediterranean at Jaffa. The Commission further recommended that the Mandatory Government should keep open an Arab corridor to the Mediterranean, debouching from the Jewish enclave with a terminus at the proposed Arab port of Jaffa. The Mandatory Government should likewise guarantee Arab access to Gaza and Haifa, for commercial purposes, and, it was further recommended, that the Arabs be compensated for the relative infertility of their lands by a stipulated grant of 2,000,000 pounds. The proposed Jewish National Home would, by the Peel recommendation, be reduced in size to an area equivalent to that of the State of Delaware, but it would include by far the better areas of Palestine and the important seaport of Haifa and Tel Aviv, the latter, the most important city in Palestine. It was stipulated, further, that both Arab and Jewish states would be required to enter into military alliances with Great Britain, and that, for the present, the important naval base and pipeline terminus at Haifa would be left in British hands.

The Peel Report was not well received by either of the communities involved. The Arabs rejected the report uncompromisingly. They demanded unequivocably an arrangement which would regulate the Jews to minority status throughout the whole of Palestine. The Twentieth Zionist Congress was not satisfied with the proposed new state boundaries, yet recommended further negotiations with the British Govern-

ment along the lines of partition. They declared themselves, however, more in favor of the scheme of "provisional cantonization," a plan whereby existing communities of Jews or Arabs would be formed into cantons, or local self-governing units, under the direction of a central or federal government. The Congress very sharply criticized the Peel recommendation with regard to further immigration restriction.

Although the British Government at first formally approved the Peel Report, opposition was so strong toward it in the House of Commons, that the Cabinet voted to table the plan pending further study. Meanwhile, civil war again flared up in Palestine. Beginning in 1938, "riots, sniping, bomb throwing, assassinations, banditry and inter-racial outrages were of almost daily occurrence." The Government sought vainly to restore order by imprisonment, hangings, and executions. In July 1938, marines were landed at Haifa and additional troops ordered to the interior. In light of these circumstances, it is not surprising that the British authorities, in November 1938, announced that the Government had abandoned the plan for partitioning Palestine. No substitute plan was put forward, but it was stated that an effort would be made to iron out the difficulty through conference with Arabic and Jewish leaders early in 1939.

The proposed conference met in London on February 7, 1939, but it was apparently foredoomed to failure. The Palestinian Arabs refused to sit with the Jewish delegates, or to discuss their mutual problem with them. So the Arab and Jewish delegates were interviewed separately by representatives of the British Government, and the conference became, in effect, two parallel conferences, and when the British proposals for a compromise settlement were rejected, in turn, by both groups, the conference came to an untimely end.

AS a result of the failure of the Arab-Jewish conferences, the British Government, on May 17, 1939, issued its official statement of policy with regard to Palestine in what is commonly known as the Chamberlain White Paper. This document envisaged the establishment, within ten years, of an independent Palestinian state, in which both Jews and Arabs were to participate equally, according to population, in a representative form of government. When once established, the independent state would be obligated to enter into treaty relations with Great Britain. A transitory or probationary period of ten years was specified for the development of self-government. If, at the end of this period, the British Government should conclude that the establishment of the independent states should be postponed, the British officials agreed to submit the problem to "the representatives of the people of Palestine, the Council of the League of Nations and the neighboring Arab states for solution." During the ten-year probationary period, land sales were to be restricted by the high commissioner, and the Jewish immigration limited to 75,000 for the first five-year period ending June 1, 1944. Thereafter, no further immigration of Jews was to be allowed, except an additional 25,000 which might be admitted as

soon as it might be possible to arrange for their maintenance in Palestine, "as a contribution towards the solution of the Jewish refugee problem." As an answer to claims and counter-claims and "in order to avoid all future misunderstandings," this important paper was prefaced with the following statements with respect to previous commitments:

(1) Regarding the Arab claim to independence, the British Government announces its adherence to the view that the whole of Palestine west of Jordan was excluded from Sir Henry McMahon's Pledge.

(2) Regarding the character of the Jewish National Home in Palestine, the British Government announces its adherence to the Balfour Declaration of 1917 which was given in the Command Paper of 1922; namely, that the terms of the Balfour Declaration did not contemplate that Palestine as a whole should be converted into a Jewish National Home, but that such a home should be founded in Palestine.

(3) The fact that more than 300,000 Jews had immigrated to Palestine since 1922 and the fact that the National Home had risen by 1939 to some 450,000—approximately one-third of the entire country, gave conclusive evidence that the Mandatory Power had been carrying out its obligation.

While the Arabs have acclaimed the new British policy, the ardent Zionists have denounced it, and maintain that "it betokens a surrender to Moslem Terrorism." The British answer to this latest criticism, is well expressed in the concluding paragraph of the Chamberlain White Paper:

His Majesty's Government cannot hope to satisfy the partisans of one party or the other in such a controversy as the Mandate has aroused. Their purpose is to be just as between the two peoples in Palestine whose destinies in that country have been affected by the great events of recent years, and who, since they live side by side, must learn to practice mutual tolerance, goodwill and co-operation.

Complicated and difficult as the Arab-Jewish problem in Palestine appears, the writer ventures the following conclusions:

(1) The only hope of the realization of Zionist ambitions for establishment of an exclusive Jewish National Home, a state controlled politically by a preponderate Jewish population, rests either in the application of the principle of expatriation or partition to the solution of the problem. In the case of the former, the problem is complicated because of the intense nationalistic aspirations of the Arabs already on the land; in the case of the latter, in the opinion of the writer the more feasible solution, the problem becomes involved because of the vast amount of capital already expended by the Zionists in the reclamation of the whole of Palestine, and because of the intense cultural and religious interests of both Jews and Arabs in shrines such as are included in the proposed Jerusalem enclave and which, in any plan of partition, must necessarily be excluded from the control of either race.

(2) It appears from an examination of the postwar commitments with regard to Palestine, that both Zionists and Arab Nationalists have exaggerated their claims and falsely accused the British Mandatory Power of a breach of faith in their behalf.

(3) Whatever the ultimate solution, this much is certain, the success of any future homeland for either Arabs or Jews in Palestine will depend upon their collaboration, cooperation, and mutual conciliation.

Sixty Years Ago

Excerpts from the *Woman's Exponents*, January 1 and January 15, 1885

"For the Rights of the Women of Zion and the Rights of the Women of All Nations"

Welcome 1885! A Happy New Year to all our readers, patrons and friends! The beginning of a year is always fraught with sentimental feeling. We have just bid farewell to the old year, and there is a sort of sadness in the very fancy of parting, but the new year brings anticipation and sublime resolves, and the influence of the desire to do better, to aim higher, to live nearer to God, buoys one up and makes glad the dawn of the new year. The division of time is most wisely arranged, and the effect upon the human soul is inspirational. There is a time for all things, said the preacher, and if men were wise and judicious in the matter of time no doubt there would be. It is mortals who fall so far short, and not the great Dispenser of times and seasons and the overruler of all things. . . .

* * * *

Home Affairs: The Office of the Woman's Exponent has been removed to the Hooper and Eldredge Block, Main Street, just a few doors south of Z.C.M.I., upstairs, in room No. 4.

The merchants, coal-dealers and men in business have been liberal to the poor during the holiday time, and much has been distributed by the Bishops and the Relief Society through the city. The weather has been favorable for those who have been short of fuel, and it is ardently to be hoped that no one has suffered. There is certainly no need of any real suffering while the granaries and barns are filled with grain, and the cattle abound "upon a thousand hills."

Two handsome pictures hang on our walls received from the large mercantile firm of Z.C.M.I. They have been prepared expressly as a decorative advertisement, and certainly are artistic in design and coloring. Each has a calendar so on each day in the month and each month in the year when one refers to the calendar on the wall, one is reminded of the wholesale and retail establishments of Z.C.M.I., where they can always purchase the best quality of all varieties of goods at the most reasonable rates. Ladies can buy there fancy as well as staple groceries, glass, china and silver ware. Fancy dress goods in all styles, ribbons, scarfs, shawls, laces, gloves, hosiery, shoes of the best quality. A room has been fitted up where a lady can feel perfectly comfortable to try a shoe on. There have been a number of desirable changes made in the inside arrangements of goods during the past year, and a decided improvement is the result. Everybody trades at Z.C.M.I. They carry the largest stock of goods of any wholesale house in the Western interior.

* * * *

Professional Travels: Mrs. Margaret C. Shipp, M.D., has recently returned from rather an extended and interesting professional trip through Northern Utah, parts of Wyoming and Idaho. Leaving this city September 25th, the Dr. visited Coalville, Grass Creek and Wanship, then returned home to attend October Conference. Immediately after conference, resuming her labors in this direction, she visited Morgan, Evanston, Almy, Woodruff, Randolph, Laketown, St. Charles, Bloomington, Paris and Montpelier. In each of the places mentioned she lectured to the ladies upon those special subjects that interest women so greatly. . .

Woman's Sphere

Ramona W. Cannon

WITH the dawning of 1945 come the greatest opportunities of the ages for women. Peace-planning must be as careful and exhaustive as war-planning has been, or the world's tears will not cease to flow. It has always been woman's role to heal wounds; given the chance, she might do much to prevent them. Today's world needs tenderness, patience, the human mother-touch. But it can also use the intellects and skills of its countless, highly trained women to carry out the mandates of their hearts and their consciences.

RECENT birthdays: We congratulate Sister Johanna Porter of Portsmouth, England, a faithful saint for eighty-five years, on her 100th birthday; Sister Maria K. Perssen of Cache Valley, now ninety-eight; Sister Winnifred Morris Tibbs, eighty-nine. Sister Tibbs, who has contributed verse to *The Relief Society Magazine*, was honored on her natal day by the ward Relief Society, and by the Daughters of the Pioneers.

HOLLYWOOD has filmed the popular *A Tree Grows in Brooklyn* by Betty Smith.

IN the United States armed forces Mrs. Jean Wessman of Salt Lake City has seven sons; Mrs. Edwin E. Thurston of Provo has six sons; and Mrs. Hugh Ford, six brothers and one sister, children of the late General and Mrs. Carl Badger of Salt Lake City. Every woman's heart aches with sympathy for Mr. and Mrs. Alben Borgstrom of Utah, four of whose sons have been killed in action.

A recent visitor in the United States was Madame Tsai Kwei, national secretary of China's Y. W. C. A. Graduate of Ginling College, Nanking, Master of Arts from Columbia University, New York, author, editor of the Chinese national magazine for the Y.W.C.A., translator of H. G. Wells' *Short History of the World*, into Chinese. She is a leader in the Chinese-Christian movement, and in relief work for refugees. She also cares for a home and an author-husband, and is active in the co-operative movement.

MARY R. BEARD, famed woman historian, has collaborated with her famous historian - husband, Charles A. Beard, in writing *A Basic History of the United States*, theoretically for people of high school beginners' mentality.

THE novel, *Boston Adventure*, by Jean Stratford is receiving high praise.

EDITORIAL

VOL. 32 JANUARY 1945 NO. 1

A Stone, in Place of Bread

"Or what man is there of you, if his son ask bread, will he give him a stone?" (Matt. 7:9).

THIS soul-searching question of the Savior recalls to one's mind the almost sublime relationship which exists between a child and his parents—the sweet dependency, utter trust, and confidence of a child in his parents, and the feeling of security enjoyed by the child because his parents ever strive to provide a protecting bulwark between him, in his youth, and the world at large. The parent, on his side, treasures his God-given eternal gift and plans and dreams for his future joy with almost a selfless love.

In the early, formative years of a child's life before he has reached the years of accountability at the age of eight, the foundation of his character is built largely upon his observation of the actions of his parents and the training that they are able to implant as a guide to his conduct. Rarely does a parent fail to provide the necessary food for the full development of his child's physical body; but, in the matter of his full spiritual growth, how often does a man, "if his son ask bread, will he give him a stone?" These early years are the golden time in which to feed a child the bread of life, the time to train him to pray, to keep holy the Sabbath day, to pay his tithing, to observe the Word of Wisdom, to uphold the Church authorities and in all his daily conduct to train him to live in such a way that the Spirit of the Lord may ever dwell with him. Any laxness in the strict observance of the laws of the Church by his parents will be noted by a child, and may have a lasting influence upon his future life. A mother who drinks tea or coffee opens wide the door for her child to reject other parts of the Word of Wisdom which she herself does observe. A father who allows liquor to be served in his home, even though he himself does not partake of it, is inviting his children to become partakers when they are grown. The use of alcohol with its attendant misery and degradation is becoming more widespread each day, and all that any Latter-day Saint parent can do, by example and precept, to impress upon his children the tragic effects which alcohol has upon the lives of those who use it, is absolutely essential. These are but two instances of the many which might be cited where a parent offers to his child a stone in place of bread.

In the matter of setting an example to one's children it might be profitable for Latter-day Saint parents also to consider the significance of these words of the Savior:

Verily, verily, I say unto you, the Son can do nothing of himself, but what he

seeth the Father do: for what things soever he doeth, these also doeth the Son likewise" (John 5:19).

At the beginning of a new year, then, let any parent who may have been lax in the example he has set his child, set his house in order, and provide at all times for his child the bread of everlasting life.

M.C.S.

The Y.W.M.I.A. Observes Its Diamond Jubilee

THE Y.W.M.I.A. observed its Diamond Jubilee, Tuesday, November 28, 1944, with impressive services conducted in the Lion House in the same room where President Brigham Young assembled his daughters seventy-five years ago and effected an organization whereby the daughters of Israel might "get a living testimony of the truth" and "improve in everything that is good and beautiful." This Association originally known as the Retrenchment Association, later as the Young Ladies' Mutual Improvement Association, and at present as the Young Women's Mutual Improvement Association, has, during its seventy-five years of existence, touched the lives of tens of thousands of the daughters of Zion, helping them to develop their talents, obtain knowledge of the gospel, and to live happy, useful lives in conformity with gospel standards.

An opening feature of the observance in the Lion House was the reading by Presiding Patriarch Joseph F. Smith of words spoken by President Young in founding the Association. President Lucy G. Cannon then spoke, relating interesting facts and incidents connected with its beginning. She paid tribute to the earnestness with which the daughters of President Young accepted their assignment as members of the Association, and also gave interesting statistics showing its activities and growth. Among the honored guests were Ruth May Fox, age ninety-one, only living past president of the organization who delightfully reminisced, and two of President Young's daughters, Mrs. Mabel Y. Sanborn and Mrs. Fannie Y. Clayton. A very impressive and appropriate feature of the occasion was the marking of the organization room by an artistic plaque bearing an inscription relative to the founding of the organization including words of President Young used in inaugurating the Association. Elder George Albert Smith, after paying tribute to the organization and those identified with it through the years, dedicated the plaque.

The Relief Society General Board recognizes the importance of the Y.W.M.I.A. in the program of the Church, and acknowledges with gratitude its excellent contribution in guiding and directing the daughters of Zion. It congratulates the Young Women's Mutual Improvement Association on its past achievements and wishes for it continued growth and accomplishment.

B.S.S.

Notes TO THE FIELD

Remodeled Clothing

TODAY, when clothing is of wartime quality and prices are high, many women are finding it advantageous to search their closets for used clothing of prewar quality to remodel into attractive, serviceable garments. Children's clothing, at present, presents a special problem in that it is not only expensive and of wartime quality, but in many localities it is difficult to buy. The wise, thrifty mother is clothing her children with garments remade from used clothing. Following are a few suggestions for remodeling clothing:

General Suggestions for Procedure

1. Be sure used material is worth using again. Don't waste time on worn, threadbare, or moth-eaten materials that won't last.
2. Be sure old articles are carefully picked apart, washed or dry cleaned, and pressed before using. Most woolen materials can be washed.
3. Be sure fabric is suitable for the planned remodeled article. Don't use materials of a weave, weight, or color not suited to the uses to which the remodeled article will be put. Some fabrics have a definite "adult" look and should be used in remodeling articles for adults; other fabrics are more suitable for children's clothing. Don't use material that is too heavy for small children's clothes.
4. A style should be chosen when remodeling to fit the material so that a minimum of piecing need be done.
5. Don't use original buttonholes, loop fastenings, etc., unless they are substantial. Generally, the original garment receives most wear at these points.
6. Be careful of color combinations. Poor color combinations may readily spoil an otherwise attractive garment.
7. Material that is worth using is worthy of good workmanship. The same fine workmanship should go into remodeled articles as goes into articles made of new material.

Suggestive Remodeling Projects

A. For boys
   1. Pants from adults' pants
   2. Overcoats from adults' overcoats (if material isn't too heavy).
   3. Snowsuits from old suits or coats, or from woolen or heavy part-woolen blankets.
   4. Shirts in small sizes from adults' shirts, especially from dress shirts where, frequently, only the collar is worn.
   5. Shorts from men's shirts (if material is strong enough).
   6. Sport coats from men's coats (if they have patch pockets). If pockets are set-in, then a sleeveless jerkin could be made, or the back and sleeves could be used for part of a sport coat and a contrasting material could be used to complete the garment.
   7. Coveralls or playsuits for the small child who crawls or for the toddler—either boy or girl—from the backs of the legs of old overalls.

B. For girls
   1. Suits from men's suits (if fabric and color are suitable).
   2. Small gored skirts or jumpers from men's coats.
   3. Coats from ladies' coats (if material is sufficiently youthful looking).
   4. Dresses from adults' dresses (if fabric and color are suitable).
   5. White blouses from men's white shirts.
   6. Slips from men's white shirts.

7. Panties from shirt tails, from the bottom of underslips, or from underslips used with sheer party or formal dresses.
8. Front aprons from men's shirts.
9. Jerkins from soft woolen articles.
10. Envelope handbags, lapel ornaments, half hats or flowers for the hair, and other accessories, from old bright felt hats.

General Suggestions

1. Pieces cut from old suits or coats, crocheted around and sewed together make good afghans.
2. Old cotton house dresses, shirts and aprons cut and sewed may be used for woven throw rugs, hooked rugs, or other types of rugs.
3. Salt or sugar sacks sewed together and hemmed make very satisfactory dishcloths.
4. Flour sacks dyed and sewed together make satisfactory soft quilt linings. (It is almost impossible to buy plain materials suitable for this purpose at the present time.)
5. Good pieces of knit underwear crocheted around make satisfactory wash cloths.

VICTORY

Evelyn Fjeldsted

If one can work a score of years
  To prove a fact that few can see
And still, undaunted, can persist—
  This is an unseen victory.

If condemnation one must face
  Because of someone's treachery,
If he can know that truth in time
  Will free—this, too, is victory.

If through misfortune one has lost
  His earthly goods and trusted friends,
If he with hope can build again—
  This, we agree, is victory.

But if one can keep his faith and meet
  With courage what must seem to be
The ultimate defeat of life—
  This is the crowning victory.

Mama's Boy

Alice Morrey Bailey

TOMMY began to get the feeling even before Billy punched him in the ribs. It was afternoon, and Miss Deering was putting number work on the blackboard.

"Lookee here," Billy said, displaying a small, plastic jeep, shining new, from the top of his pocket.

Tommy looked at it with interest, wishing he could have one just like it.

"And lookee here," said Billy, showing a bright top and a sack of marbles, still in their red mesh bag. They were beautiful marbles of clear, polished glass, and caught the light in small pools of blue, yellow, crystal, and red. Tommy's fingers wanted to touch them, but he didn't reach out. Billy always had new things—new pencils, new erasers, and new toys.

"Where'dja get them?" Tommy asked.

Glancing around, Billy leaned closer. "Come with me down to the five-and-ten after school, and we'll get you some."

"I haven't any money," said Tommy.

"Don't need money. You just take them. I'll show you how."

"That would be stealing."

"Naw! All the kids do it. They got lots of stuff down there."

"I don't want to. My mother wouldn't want me to," said Tommy.

"Yah! Ha! Mama's Boy," jeered Billy, forgetting not to whisper loud.

Miss Deering looked at them, which meant not to disturb the class.

When Tommy tried to be still the feeling came stronger and stronger. He looked out the window, but that didn't help. Only there was dirty snow, and black smoke and chimneys and ugly brick walls. It wasn't like Still Valley where you could see the foothills, except for the cottonwoods along the creek bed.

All these things crowded in on Tommy until he couldn't stand it—even the things in the room, the wigwams and the green trees and the reared-back Indians that the second graders had painted on wrapping paper with poster paint. All at once Tommy had to get out, or he was going to bawl. He had to see mother.

Miss Deering's voice reached out to stop him when he left his seat and went toward the door, but he went right through the sound, like wading the little canal when the current was swift. Sometimes she just let him go, but today she followed him out to the hallway where he was putting on his galoshes.

"Tommy, come back," she said. "You know it won't do any good to go home. Your mother won't be there until five. Why won't you stay until school is out?"

Tommy didn't answer, just went on fastening his galoshes.

"Don't you want to be promoted? If you keep going home every day in the middle of the class period you will not learn all you should. You will have to stay in the second grade a long time, and people will think you are dumb!"

Still Tommy didn't answer. It was just words that the teacher was say-

ing. The sound of her voice beat up in his ears in waves, like irrigation water backing up against a dam. She put her hand on his shoulder, but he wriggled free and ran out the door and down the steps.

Maybe mother would have a headache and would have sick leave, like she did one Saturday, when she was home all day. She pulled him in bed with her and he was warm and comfortable, almost like being in Still Valley again.

It was nice there, especially in summer, when the cottonwoods floated gauzy seed pods down, and when you could lie on your stomach on the bridge and fish for pretty rocks, or look into the glassy water until you could see yourself speeding upstream.

Mother's fingers were sometimes butter-sugary from making cake, and you could lick the bowl. You could go with her to see if the setting hen had stolen her nest in the woodpile. Mother knew why a four-leafed clover had four leaves, and where God was, and why the old sow grunted instead of talking.

"Heavenly Father, make mother have a headache," he prayed as he went along, and then almost skipped. He almost remembered that she had been sick a little before she went to work. He was sure she would be home this time.

BUT mother didn't have a headache, and she wasn't home. The furniture was there—the new pink davenport and the overstuffed chairs that you coulddn't put your feet on, but the house was empty. Tommy ran through it shouting: "Mother! Mother!" so loud his ears rang when he quit, but there was no answer.

The little hand on the clock was between two and three, so Tommy took it down off the shelf and sat with it between his knees on the living-room floor, because the kitchen had cold breakfast dishes on the table, and the beds looked like old hens at molting time, and the bathroom had damp towels on the floor.

Tommy waited and waited and cried awhile because he thought she might not come at all, and it seemed like a million years until the little hand was on five, and she opened the door.

"Mommy!" he said, and was so dazzled he couldn't tell what she looked like.

"Tommy Haran!" she said, snatching the clock from him. "If you break my alarm, I'll never get to work!"

It was then he noticed the two straight marks between her eyebrows, and that her hair was tight in little iron curls and her mouth was sticky with red stuff she used to "keep herself up."

When she saw that he sat so still and that his mouth was dumb with the lump in his throat, she hugged him and said: "I'm sorry." She even smiled, but her face was like the apartment when he came home. Her features were there, like the furniture, but she was gone.

"We have to hurry now—get the house cleaned, supper and to bed with you. Mother's having company—some of the girls from the plant."

"I don't want them," said Tommy. "Call them up and tell them not to come."

"Why, Tommy! That wouldn't be polite. Besides, this is your daddy's

last night on swing shift, and he'll be home evenings after this."

They weren't girls, though, when they came. They were big ladies, like mother, and they sat in mother's living room and laughed and all talked at once, and sounded like the pullets when you jumped suddenly into the coop and said "Boo!" Tommy was shut in the bedroom and he still wanted his mother.

"Mother! Mother!" he shouted until the cackling all stopped, and mother came through the slit of light from the opened door.

"There's a Tiger in the closet," he said, so she left the door open a little crack, and said "nonsense."

"Children are certainly a headache," she said when she went back to the living room. Maybe Heavenly Father had answered his prayers.

"Tommy's always been such a mama's boy," she went on, and Tommy, hearing her, wiggled with shame. "You know he gets so homesick for me he just gets up and leaves the schoolroom every day. Just like that—nobody can stop him." They all cackled again.

"His father wants me to quit work and stay home," his mother continued.

"That would be a mistake," said a lady, and her voice sounded like she thought she was smart. "He'll have a mother complex if you don't look out."

"That's just what I think," agreed his mother. "Besides, I want to get a few things."

"Do you think you'll go back to the farm after the war?"

Tommy held his breath, listening.

"I'll say not! Never a new thing, and nothing but work! I didn't know how bad it was until we moved. I finished paying for my overstuffed last pay day. Now I want to get two tables and two blue lamps—"

Tommy's stomach hurt with disappointment, and he cried a little because he couldn't remember what his mother looked like with her hair loose and her eyes soft, but the next day he didn't come home. When the feeling came, he chewed his pencil and thought fast about the blue lamps and about her thinking he was a mama's boy.

And after school was out he went with Billy down to the five-and-ten.

PEBBLES

Norma Wrathall

I took some pebbles from the brook,
Their colors glowing clear and bright
With shades of blue and amethyst,
And coral streaked with white;
But as they dried upon my hand
They were as dull and drab as sand.

Rare moments snatched from life's swift flow
Fade as we long to hold them fast;
Dear cherished dreams grow old before
We catch a fleeting glimpse at last;
And yet, in retrospect they seem
Like pebbles shining in the stream.

Forward, Without Fear

Dorothy Clapp Robinson

"Watch your words," MATT LEWIS had cautioned the girls as two officers came into camp. They were hunting NIELS. They accused him of stealing a sack of food. Niels hearing them from the side of JOHANNA'S sick bed slipped away. ANN KRISTIN thinking to save both him and the sick girl confesses to taking the food. Instead of freeing Niels the officers decided to take both of them, and started to hunt for the "big Swede." They were saved by JAKE who pretended he had also been hunting Niels. He told the officers where to go to find him. After they had gone, the girls persuaded Jake to stay and eat with them. PATTY LOU transferred her anger at him to Ann Kristin, demanding to know just where she got so much food. Ann refused to tell, then HELGA discovered Ann's ring was missing. That broke down the resentment Patty Lou had always felt toward Ann Kristin. So she told them that TOM BEDLOE had taken their money. He had also taken her money—claiming to have given it to ELDER LEWIS. The two men were just starting out to find Bedloe when Helga came running for help. Johanna was dying.

CHAPTER VI

THE Camp of Israel was a long way from the banks of the Mississippi. A long way in time, in wearied footsteps, and in heartaches over what had been left behind. In the same crowded cemetery Johanna and Edward Lewis lay sleeping side by side. Because she had so loved the city, which to her had meant Zion, Niels and Matt had taken Johanna there, where her bones could rest in the shadow of the temple. A week later they had placed Edward Lewis beside her. Still later, they had begun the series of moves that had, two years later, placed them on the plains of Iowa not far from Winter Quarters. Twice Jake had been able to move their few belongings, and twice Matilda Lewis had put them in her own overloaded wagon.

Ann Kristin was thinking of all this and much more as she walked toward her home. It was late afternoon and hot, but the heat was dry. Not sticky as it had been along the river. Ted Lewis, walking beside her, sighed.

"You should not have come with me, Ted," Ann Kristin told him. "It is too much walking."

"Pooh. I can walk as far as any girl." Then he sighed again. "I wish I was a sheep herder. That was a big band of sheep. I bet there was a million sheep in it."

"I am afraid not quite so many. If there had been a million brambles, there would have been more wool."

"Have we got enough wool to make Anna a coat?" he asked.

"Well," Ann Kristin looked at the mat of dirty wool in her apron, "there is enough for a pair of stockings, perhaps. Tomorrow I shall follow the herd again. Perhaps then we will have enough for a coat."

"You can't go out alone," Ted warned. "The Injuns might see you."

"But there will be more wool farther out. There were too many women following the herd today."

"I am going to marry Anna when

I grow up. I like girls with yellow hair."

"That will be a long time. Anna is only two."

"Oh, not so long," Ted answered wisely. "I'm not going to be an old bachelor like Matt. He says he has to support ma, but she says that is an excuse. She says he is in love with someone, and is too stubborn to know it. Anyway, Becky didn't wait for him. She got married."

"Was he in love with Becky?"

"Gosh, yes. He walked her to all the meetings and dances. Anyway, I have to go west before I get married or maybe I won't. I might be a freighter like Jake and Matt or even a scout like Jim Bridger."

"Does your mother say whom he is in love with?" Ann Kristin asked, hesitantly.

"Who is in love?" Ted demanded.

"I do not know. You said your mother—."

"Ma don't care if I am in love with Anna. She says it is quite safe. Golly," he cried suddenly, "look at the dust. It's a wagon train. They will have the mail. Maybe Patty Lou will get her letter."

"Perhaps." Kristin wasn't sure she wanted Patty Lou to receive her letter. That would mean she would leave them. "Jake might be with this train."

"It is a long one. Let's run," Ted urged.

Ann Kristin shook her head. "You run, Ted. Probably if you cut across you can meet it."

The boy dashed away, his bare feet skimming over the dry earth. It was incredible after all the walking he had done. She watched closely. She could tell by the dust that it was a long train. Probably on its way to Winter Quarters, or perhaps even to Fort Laramie or Fort Bridger. It would bring mail and very likely more saints. It would lay over here in camp all night. Her pulse quickened. There would be letters and news of the saints scattered along the trail. There would be no news for her, unless, she held the thought a moment, unless Tom should write to her.

The evening of Johanna's death, Jake and Matt had visited the trader, Wilkins. The visit had given them more satisfaction than information, for Wilkins, seeing them in time, had bolted his door and fled, thereby establishing his guilt. Bedloe they had never found. Nor had he ever returned to Ann Kristin for his answer. The humiliation of it burned deep into her soul; but that was only one of many things that had left its mark.

Of all the scars there was none as deep as that caused by the death of Edward Lewis, and none that had brought with it such deep humility. They had chosen to leave Norway; the death of her parents had not been preventable. Poverty she was learning to endure, and camping would, in some happy day, be a thing of the past; yet she would never be able to forget what she had done to Edward Lewis. To make it harder to bear, almost his last words had been to her. "Tell Kristin not to blame herself. I am glad to go. I am ready to meet my Maker."

Even Mrs. Lewis had said, "Pa had done a good work and his time had come. Let's honor him by working for the future, not the past. There is too much to do to spend time in grieving or regretting."

Yet, her eyes told Ann Kristin she

would always grieve; and the girl wondered again at the depth of her love and understanding, her capacity for forgiveness. Love of a gospel that would foster such growth grew in Ann Kristin, and dissolved the fibers of her uncertainty and self-concern. When the moves came, they clung to Mrs. Lewis. Her family accepted their presence as one more feature of the unnatural life they were leading. In the two years Matt had been with his mother only twice, briefly, and both times had avoided Ann Kristin.

CIRCLING the camp, Ann Kristin approached her home. It was a sod shanty the girls had erected themselves. It was the best home they'd had for two years. It would keep them warm when winter came, if they were still here. Here, as at Camp Lewis, much of their living was done outside.

Helga and Patty Lou were sitting before their shanty waiting for Kristin. Patty Lou was holding a skein of yarn over her wrists, while Helga wound it into a ball. Little Anna was toddling between the two trying to reach the thread. She was small boned like Johanna, and with Johanna's flaxen hair, but her eyes and features were much more like Niels'. They all adored her, but to Helga she was the sum total of life. She was all the lovely things Helga had lived and loved, and still hoped for.

"This is all the yarn I have," Helga sighed with regret, "and I haven't any more wool."

"You-all—," Patty Lou corrected herself, quickly, "you use more wool than any dozen women in camp. Why don't Kristin come? It will be evening directly, and no sign of her."

Helga took Anna, protesting loudly, on her lap and began undressing her. "She must have stopped to visit someone. No. No," as the baby tried to push off her lap, "come, Helga will sing you a song." She rocked back and forth as she sang softly, "Sof du min lilla, min alskling, ar du jom—"

"Do you reckon she is fretting over Tom Bedloe?" Patty Lou interrupted. "She's powerful dreamy lately. She doesn't sing any more."

"Ann Kristin has too much sense to be unhappy over a man like Tom Bedloe." Helga spoke shortly. "I think it is something else."

"Do you reckon she is in love? That Bill Hooper comes here plenty often. I see him watching her when he thinks no one is looking. Do you reckon she loves him?"

"It is quite possible. Girls her age are usually in love, if they aren't married. I thought Bill came here to see you."

"I thought so, too, at first." Patty Lou sighed. "I won't do any complaining about it but it does seem mighty queer. Every man that comes to see me falls in love with her. I reckon I got to get used to bearing burdens." She changed the subject abruptly. "Do you reckon that wagon train will ever get here?"

"It should be here by tomorrow at the latest. That is what the scout said."

"That no-account Jake Nickols had better be here. We are getting mighty low on food."

Helga looked up from the baby. "Patty, how can you continue to take food from Jake when you don't love him?" When she found Patty

Lou did not intend to answer, she continued. "He sent word he would be here, and he has never failed to keep his word, except when he swore to catch Tom Bedloe; but he'll do that, eventually."

"S-sh. Here comes Kristie."

Helga looked around. Anna gave a squeal of delight and tried to wiggle out of Helga's arms. Kristin stooped to kiss her.

"I can't take you now, Alskling, my lap is full."

"What have you got?" Patty Lou asked.

For answer Ann Kristin opened her apron and showed them. "We heard that a band of sheep was passing so I dismissed school and followed them. All the wool nearby had been gathered, so I had to go a long way. I am going again in the morning, while it is cool. You want to go with me, Patty?"

"Not me. If it is so far the other women haven't already picked it, I'd never make it."

"You are lazy—oh, I forgot. A wagon train is coming into Camp. The mail might be here already."

"Sure-enough?"

"Sure-enough."

In an instant, Patty Lou was up and away. Ann Kristin went inside. After washing, she put on a clean apron.

YOUR supper is on the table," Helga called. "There are some string beans. Sister Andrews brought them to pay for Danny's schooling. What do you think she said?"

Ann Kristin waited to answer. She put a slice of bread on the plate of beans. Going outside, she sat on the box where Patty Lou had been.

"What did she say?" she asked. Breaking a crust from the bread, she handed it to Anna.

"She said how thankful she was to be in the same camp with a great lady like you, so her little crippled Danny could learn to read and write. It is we who are blessed. If you could not get pupils we would starve."

Ann Kristin smiled at her sister's extravagant statement. "You knit and Niels sends flour, not to mention Jake's occasional contributions. I wish I needn't charge. I could weep when I see what sacrifices parents make that their children may have a little learning."

"Most parents are like Sister Andrews. What makes you so restless? Are you tired?"

"A little." Then she asked quickly, "Do you know what day this is?"

"July 10, 1846. Four years to the day since we sailed from Norway. That was a long time ago. Almost another world."

"Quite another world. Four years ago we were 'those proud Mortensen girls.' We had no thought of anything but marrying well and settling down to a well-ordered existence in the parish where generations of Mortensens had lived and died. Then—," She stopped and Helga picked up the thought.

"Then father heard the gospel, and here we are, Camp of Israel, Indian Lands, U.S.A."

"Since we never get mail, no one is interested in our address. Where will we be next?"

Helga's ears caught the threatened sob in her sister's voice. She saw that Ann Kristin was studying

her hand. She could use it now, but it would never look normal again. She chuckled. "Farther west. And we were so sure our troubles would be over when we reached Nauvoo." She got up and went inside to put Anna in her cradle. Coming back, she took up her knitting. She suggested that Ann Kristin do the same; but Kristin was in no mood for knitting.

"Do you suppose we shall ever be married and have homes of our own? I mean real homes with flowers and gardens and pastures and cattle? And milk to drink once more?"

"I doubt it." Helga's practical mind saw only the present. "Even if we should go west to the Rocky Mountains or into Oregon, I should think the Indians would keep us living in forts. Would you mind?"

"Mind." Ann Kristin turned the word about. "Mind? I ache to get settled. Every girl wants a home and a family. What is there—but I am glad I am here and very thankful. Our lives in Loftshammar were stale and without purpose, in comparison."

"Hmm-m. Plenty of purpose I would say. We worked and ate and lived in houses, and went to school and directed the work of the servants—."

"Helga," Kristin interrupted, "do you remember the stories mother used to tell us when we were children? I loved most the stories of the early Christians. Because they were true to their faith they changed the history of mankind. Do you suppose—do you think our suffering will be remembered even in a small way? Look what our people are doing. Sister Lewis for instance. She is a cultured, refined woman. She has lost every material possession except what can be hauled in one wagon. It is seven years since she left her home. She has lost her husband—."

"Now, Kristie, let's not go into that again."

"She has lost everything, yet she acts as if she had the riches of the world at her feet. Even under these primitive conditions she never lowers her standards. Surely such faith and devotion will—."

"You are such a dreamer."

"But it can't be wasted effort, Helga, nor insignificant. It means more than our eyes can see or our understanding grasp. Something great and powerful will come from it."

"I am not interested in history. What I want is a home right now, and a family and a place where we can worship in peace."

"Do you know what Sister Lewis told me? Because we are not sure of the future, we must face it with full confidence. We must go forward, without fear. We must hold and appreciate each little moment of happiness that comes our way. But you needn't worry. You will have Niels and Anna."

Helga did not answer for a moment. When she looked at her sister, her eyes were troubled. "I could not endure having him take Anna away from me, but he has never spoken of marriage. In a year and a half he has written once."

"But he has sent messages and supplies by Jake. Niels was ever a man of few words. You know, Min Alskling, in Norway you would not have looked at him except as you would look on any laborer, but we

are not in Norway. When you are gone, I will be alone."

Helga threw up her hands. "Who could be alone in this camp?"

"Many people are alone, even in a crowd."

"I understand what you mean. At home, Kristie, you had your pick of the boys. Why do you refuse the attentions of the young men here? Are you grieving for Thomas Bedloe?"

Ann Kristin's eyes had been turning restlessly to the prairie. The setting sun had brushed it with a bright varnish. Her glance came back suddenly to meet her sister's. "It still hurts. I suppose that is pride." She got up and moved about. "How could he have been so charming and yet so deceitful? I always ask myself that when I walk with Bill Hooper or Phil Westover. Tom seemed as sincere as they. Do you think there could have been a mistake?"

"No. Matt is not the kind to jump to hasty conclusions. We know for certain Tom did not give Patty Lou's money to Elder Lewis."

DUSK was settling over the prairie. Shadows lengthened, and mingled into a dusky curtain. Patty Lou came dancing back in a way that caught at Ann Kristin's heart. It was so long since Patty had danced.

"See what I have. My letter from papa."

"Did the wagon train get in?"

"Only the mail." Unexpectedly she dropped to the ground and began to cry. "Just think. My first letter in two years. He is a good writer. See!" Pride dried her tears. "And he sent me this. What is it?"

She passed a slip of heavy green paper to them. Kristin scrutinized it.

"Patty. It is money. You must take it to a bank. We had similar ones in our box."

Patty Lou snatched it. She turned it over and over. "I've never heard tell of such money."

Kristin explained. Patty's eyes widened with delight. "Jake can take it to Nauvoo on his next trip. It is going to be lonesome without you, Patty Lou."

"Without me? Why should I go clean to Nauvoo? Jake can get my things for me."

"It will save time. You will have to go there anyway on your way back to Alabama."

"Who said anything about going back to Alabama?"

"Patty Lou Turner. Didn't you tell your father you would go home if he sent the money?"

"I did not. I said I was tired of living like a woodchuck. I'm sorry if he misunderstood. This money will buy a wagon. Maybe Niels and Jake can get us some oxen. Then we can go on being uncomfortable for another right smart spell."

Ann Kristin did not know whether to kiss the girl or shake her. "You can't do it. It would not be honest."

"Why? He's my very own papa, isn't he? If he don't know me by now, it's a plumb shame."

The girls laughed. That was so like Patty Lou. If she actually made a promise nothing could swerve her from it, but no one else was so adept at evasion. She turned their logic aside so cleverly they were left gasping. Helga's fine sense of honor was outraged.

"A fine saint you are."

Patty Lou began to cry again, deep, dry sobs that shook her slender body. Kristin was provoked at Helga for being so harsh.

"Don't cry, dear," she said softly.

"Don't you think I want to go home? Do you think it is easy to stay here? I love my family."

Ann Kristin looked at Helga, and then they were crying, finding release for the homesickness and despair they had lived with and denied for so long. Their tears did what their argument had failed to do. Patty Lou wiped her eyes on her apron. Holding up the slip of paper, she kissed it dramatically.

"Goodbye—." She stopped short. The creaking of wheels brought them to their feet. Jake was driving into their dooryard. Behind him were three other wagons. Patty Lou looked at the driver in the first and her face paled. Jake jumped to the ground. The hand she held out to him was trembling violently.

"Jake—Jake—is it—?"

"Yes, honey. It's them."

(*To be continued*)

YOUR SON AND MINE

Grace Zenor Pratt

When in the night you hear the planes go roaring overhead,
You're thinking of your son . . . and I of mine . . .
They are both pilots somewhere over there—
Yet they are in our hearts day after day . . .
And in the night you wake and speak his name,
You pray that he is safe; I do the same . . .
Perhaps it has been long and prayer has been
A stranger to our lips . . . all that is different now—
So when the planes go roaring overhead at night
Our heads we humbly bow . . .

And when we see a group of sailors in the town,
Merry and rollicking in their brave attire,
We pause and wish to speak a few brief words—
For these are but a symbol of a million more
Who sail beyond the horizon to many a distant shore . . .
Among them are our sons . . .
Who somewhere on the seas perform their task,
Nor fear to face whatever fate may bring—
And for these sons we crave safe harboring.
. . . I never see a sailor in the town, I do not pause and think
Of ships at sea . . . I pray they may return to us again
With their brave company . . .

NOTES FROM THE FIELD

Vera White Pohlman, General Secretary-Treasurer

Regulations governing the submittal of material for "Notes from the Field" appear in the *Magazine* for February 1944, page 104.

VISITING TEACHING

Oakland Stake (California)

RUTH S. HILTON, stake Relief Society president, reported in 1944 that at the officers' meeting in connection with the 1943 ward Relief Society conference "we suggested and urged that special meetings or conventions be held in all of the wards for the purpose of honoring and giving instruction to the visiting teachers, as well as to furnish opportunity for personal expression of problems by the visiting teachers themselves. These meetings have now all been held with several members of the stake board in attendance at each. We have heard original poems, short bits of drama, song, and speeches, all lending emphasis to the work of our visiting teacher, as well as portraying the magnitude of her responsibility. Often lunch was served, with the teacher who had given the greatest length of service as the honored guest. Our visiting teaching since the curtailment of gasoline and tires has been a real challenge to us. However, our sisters are gradually being converted to the point of view that 'we may change the method but 100 per cent visiting teaching is still our goal.' Gradual improvement has been shown all winter and our report for last month (March) shows a high since the war began, with four wards having 100 per cent and four others between 90 and 91 per cent. We are happy to note a steady trend upward in our stake as follows: January 1944—60 per cent; February—70 per cent; March—77 per cent."

Young Stake (Colorado and New Mexico)

BERGETTA A. COVINGTON, released in 1944 as stake president of Relief Society, reported early in that year "that the Kirtland Ward had achieved 100 per cent visiting teaching during the past year. Our stake visiting teachers' message leader made a special effort to obtain such results in all our wards by providing exceptionally fine messages for the summer months, but the Kirtland Ward is the only ward to report 100 per cent for the full year. This success is due in part to the splendid follow-up work of the supervisor, Sister Elsie Tanner, who made a special effort to see that it was done the first week in each month. If the teachers were unable to go she provided substitutes or went herself."

Harriet D. Foutz is now president of this stake Relief Society.

VISITING TEACHERS OF THE CALIENTE WARD RELIEF SOCIETY, UVADA STAKE,

who for four consecutive years maintained a record of 100 per cent visiting teaching. This picture was taken at a social in their honor in 1944. Officers in the front row, left to right, are Evelyn Anders, organist; Margaret N. Willis, secretary-treasurer; Annie S. Forsyth, first counselor; June C. Huntington, president (now Uvada Stake Relief Society president); and Arvilla Bradshaw, second counselor, who has since been appointed president with Ruby Davis as the new counselor.

Sevier Stake (Utah)

LETTA STAPLES, stake Relief Society secretary-treasurer, reports: "A Summer Fun Fest, under the direction of Relief Society Stake President Myrl Brugger, was enjoyed by over 300 Relief Society sisters at the Sevier Stake Tabernacle, July 18, 1944. The auditorium was beautifully decorated with a profusion of summer flowers. Clever gold and blue programs, bearing marigolds and bachelor's-buttons, announced the afternoon's activities.

"The program included community singing, readings, guitar music, and dances. A play, 'After This What?' was given by the Richfield First Ward urging regular attendance at Relief Society meetings. Two clever song-and-dance numbers were given by four young married couples of the Richfield Fourth Ward.

"Especially honored at the program was Emma Nay who had the longest unbroken visiting teaching record—67 years of service. Awards for long years of service as visiting teachers were also given to Sena Larsen, Second Ward, 40 years; Hannah Beutler, Third Ward, 46 years; Mattie C. Nielson, Fourth Ward, 44 years; Tessie Oldroyd, Glenwood, Ward, 20 years; Mae Nielson, Sigurd Ward, 35 years; Hannah Anderson, Koosharem Ward, 35 years. Individuals having perfect attendance records for one year or more were Carol Salisbury, Edith Balle, Emily Nebeker, Elvira Dastrup, and Myrtle Bagley.

"A beautiful vase of flowers was

VISITING TEACHERS OF MANCHESTER WARD, SOUTH LOS ANGELES STAKE,

which reported in August 1944, that for eight successive months all 27 districts had achieved 100 per cent visiting teaching by the second week of each month. Alta Boice is ward Relief Society president and Della Wilson, the visiting teachers' message leader.

presented to the Richfield Second Ward in recognition of 13½ consecutive years of 100 per cent visiting teaching. Lovely vases of flowers were also given to the Boxcreek and Richfield First Wards for obtaining *Magazine* subscription rates of more than 75 per cent.

"The awards were made by Ivy Ashby, Maiben Thomson, and Letta Staples of the Sevier Stake Relief Society presidency.

"After the program, a lovely tea, carrying out a blue and gold color scheme, was enjoyed in the recreational hall. The committee on arrangements included Ruth Rowley, Marvel Dewey, and Vilda Helquist, with all members of the stake board assisting."

Idaho Falls Stake (Idaho)

IDETTA E. MERRILL, president of this stake Relief Society, reports that a stake visiting teachers' convention was held last September to which were invited the stake presidency, advisory high councilman, ward bishops, ward Relief Society executive officers, and visiting teachers.

"The aim of the convention was to explain the modification in funds, the change in meetings, and to increase an appreciation of the teachers' duties.

"The stake board presented a model teachers' training - report meeting. Stake board members representing visiting teachers gave verbal reports as the stake secretary called the districts by number. The stake message leader gave a sample lesson, and the president's message included the information regarding discontinuance of collections and the combination of report and training meetings.

"We prepared skits for the wards to present, demonstrating visiting teachers confronting the problems of (1) making friends where they were formerly not welcome; (2) solv-

VISITING TEACHERS OF IDAHO FALLS STAKE
at a stake visiting teachers' convention, September 24, 1944

ing the visiting of the out-lying district; and (3) showing teachers' ability to meet emergencies. A second group of skits depicted incidents proving the value of service done by visiting teachers.

"Refreshments were served and a spirit of friendliness was enjoyed."

THE FLEXIBLE HOUSE

Adeline J. Haws

To Marie and Leonard Tanner

The flexible house on a corner stands
And the back door faces the street,
It's easy as easy to get inside
With loads of good things to eat.

Although it was built for only two,
It more oft has ten or more
Sleeping somewhere between its walls—
On bed, on couch or floor.

Nobody ever saw it bulge—
It was never known to shrink—
But to hold all the folk it holds sometimes
It must have stretched, I think.

There's a parlor with plenty of room for fun,
And windows that open in,
A mantle with pictures, a fireplace,
A kitchen with stove and bin.

The table is short or the table is long
According to who is there;
But food never enters hungry lips
Without a "Thank You" prayer.

Oh, the flexible house could tell some tales
Of happy hours, I ween,
If it could talk and tell the things
That it has heard and seen.

Yes, the flexible house is a happy house
Because it is a part
Of the folk who made it the Flexible House
In the bigness of their heart.

The Salvage of Tin Is Essential

Tin, used in small proportions and almost exclusively in combination with other strategic metals, is a concealed war weapon, and a deadly one.

It goes into every war machine, on land, sea, or in the air. A battleship contains 76 tons of tin. The intricate machinery of a submarine calls for more than 3 tons of tin. A destroyer must have 490 pounds of tin for its electrical system alone. Every heavy bomber must have 48 pounds of tin, every medium tank 35 pounds, every Diesel engine 13 pounds. Airplane motors, cannon, machine guns, bomb sights, gas masks, torpedoes, and hand grenades, radio, telephone, and telegraph equipment—all demand tin.

Tin, known among the ancients as the "devil of the metals," because of its unique effect on the physical properties of other metals when combined with them, is the hidden but irreplaceable component in the alloys that go into war equipment and in the solders that hold many of the parts together. . . .

Also for medical items tin is indispensable. The fighting man's individual morphine hypodermic syringe (syrette), his emergency sulfa ointments, blood plasma, and other medicaments are kept free from contamination in containers of pure tin or tin-coated steel.

All these urgent military needs as well as essential civilian demands for tin must be met out of a diminishing supply of this metal. . .

Though this country has long been the world's largest consumer of tin, it has produced practically none, for workable tin deposits are almost nonexistent in the United States—or anywhere else in North America. . .

Ever since the beginning of the war, the United States has been learning to do without tin for all but the most essential uses. Tin coated containers may be used only for those products which must be packed in tin. The use of tin has been banned for kitchen utensils, galvanized ware, toys, costume jewelry, Christmas tree ornaments, and many other items. Tin foil is permitted to be used for electrotype machines, electrical condenser, and a few other essential purposes, but none can be made available to wrap such items as tobacco, chocolate or cheese for civilians. . .

An important factor in filling the gap is the salvaging of tin from tin cans. Billions of cans, each containing 1 per cent pure tin by weight, go into American homes each year. They are the most dependable source of tin in the Nation today. . .

Since the launching of the tin can salvage program in the spring of 1942, collections have grown from 1,000 tons a month to 20,000 tons, or approximately 200,000,000 cans, at the present time. But the country's 8 detinning and 6 shredding plants are able to handle tin cans at twice the current rate. Two out of three tin cans going into homes are still being lost in garbage piles—a loss that the United States can ill afford.—War Board Salvage Your Tin!

Special Problems in Housekeeping

Claire P. Dorius

Oh wad some power the giftie gie us to see oursels as others see us!—Robert Burns

Spots and Stains. One important wartime job is to take care of what we have. A spot or stain spoils the appearance of any fabric. Commercial laundries and dry cleaners are not always available. The wise homemaker learns to care for the family's clothing and all household fabrics herself. Fresh spots are removed more easily than old ones. It is always better to remove spots and stains before washing or cleaning the entire garment. Knowing the nature of the spot simplifies the job. Two precautions should be kept in mind: first, not to destroy the surface or finish of the material, and second, not to rub so hard that any of the dye is removed from colored fabrics. If possible, it is always safer to experiment with a small sample of the fabric.

Stain Removers. Stain removers may be divided into absorbents, solvents, and bleaches. Absorbents are used mainly for the removal of grease spots. Fresh chalk, talcum powder, Fuller's earth, dry starch, cornmeal, and dry cleaning powders are absorbents. In using absorbents, spread the stained fabric on a flat surface. Cover grease spot thickly with absorbent. This may be worked around gently with the fingers. Sometimes it is necessary to leave the absorbent on the spot for several hours. It is then brushed carefully. Repeat if necessary. Grease spots are sometimes removed by placing the fabric between two sheets of white blotting paper and pressing the spot with a warm iron. Several thicknesses of paper towels serve the same purpose. These treatments are effective for fresh stains on white or light colored fabrics. It is almost impossible to brush all traces of an absorbent from dark materials.

Solvents. Solvents are used to dissolve a stain. Cleaning fluids, alcohol (denatured or wood), ammonium hydroxide, ether, carbon tetrachloride, or commercial solvents with this base may be used when water fails. When using solvents, lay the material, spot side down, on a pad of cloth or white blotting paper, apply the solvent with a soft cloth rubbing from the edge toward the center of the spot. Change the pad occasionally and also change the sponging cloth as soon as it is soiled. *Caution:* Most all cleaning fluids are inflammable. Be careful to use them in small quantities, work in well-ventilated room, and keep stopper in bottle while working.

Bleaches are used in the last attempt to remove a stain. They should be applied very carefully. Javelle water, oxalic acid, potassium permanganate, hydrogen peroxide, sodium hydrosulphite are usually more successful for bleaching purposes than lemon juice or sour milk. Bleaches will injure fabrics unless directions are followed carefully.

Method to use—Stretch the stained portion of the material over the top

of a bowl ½ to ¾ full of hot water and fasten tightly with a rubber band, then apply the remover with a medicine dropper. Be sure to rinse out all bleaching fluid with clear water after the stain has been removed. Apply the water very carefully. Clorox, a commonly known bleach, may be used to remove some stains if directions on the bottle are followed carefully. *Fruit stains* are removed by stretching the fabric over a bowl and pouring hot water from a height through the spot.

Miscellaneous Stains: *Iron Rust*—Lemon juice and salt or oxalic acid made into a concentrated solution are effective. Any good commercial iron rust remover is good for white cotton or linen. Do not use for silk or colored materials. *Ink*—Apply stain remover with medicine dropper. A small amount of ammonia, added to hydrogen peroxide is helpful. Two tablespoonfuls of ammonia added to the hot water will produce fumes that are often effective. *Heavy Grease*—Rub a small amount of clean, unsalted fat on the spot and work it around with the fingers. Wash in warm water and heavy suds. Turpentine is a well-known solvent for fresh paint to use on the hands, wood or glass.

Household Pests. Most pests are remarkably adaptable. They will climb high or low in search of food.

Houseflies are the most common and the most dangerous of all household pests. They may be carriers of such diseases as typhoid, tuberculosis, cholera, diarrhea and dysentery. The housefly lays it eggs in decayed animal or vegetable matter. Hence, absolute cleanliness both inside and out is necessary for its extermination. All windows and doors should be well screened.

Ants are not actually harmful but their persistence is annoying. Sodium fluoride powder (poisonous), is quite effective, but keep it away from children and pets. Some sprays are also helpful.

Mice. To avoid mice, guard against their entrance, by closing up all holes and cracks. The wooden snap trap is the best mouse exterminator. Cheese is not as popular with mice as freshly fried bacon, oil sardines, or peanut butter.

Moths. A preliminary cleanout will do much to prevent moths. A good spray or some moth preventive should be used before storing. Store in moth-proof bags or closets or cedar chests.

Cockroaches feed mainly on dead animal matter and cereals. Try to obtain expert advice. A mixture of equal parts of fresh pyrethrum and sodium fluoride is very effective.

Bedbugs are no respecter of persons. Powders and sprays are effective if introduced into the places where the bugs are hidden.

Mosquitoes like houseflies are carriers of disease. Their extermination should become a community project. Elimination of all breeding places is necessary. Expert advice may be obtained from a county agent or the state board of health.

House rats carry disease. They are destructive and are filthy in their habits. Cutting off the rat's food and water supply is the surest way of

(*Continued on page 64*)

Theology

Church History

Lesson 7—The Nauvoo Period

Dr. H. Wayne Driggs

For Tuesday, April 3, 1945

Objective: To study the major events numbered in the bright and dark years in and about the city of Nauvoo the Beautiful.

THE bitter sorrows born in the struggle to establish the center stake of Zion in Missouri, served to throw the cause of the Church into sharp relief against political weaknesses of the State and Nation in which the kingdom of God was to rise. Little did the mobs of Missourians realize how they indirectly helped to "bring about Zion." The persecution which these unscrupulous ruffians, in fiendish delight, heaped upon the saints perfected a unity of purpose among the followers of the Prophet which God had sought, but failed to get completely during their rise to power in the days of Kirtland. For within a period of but little more than six years, a marshland, fit but for an abiding place of malarial diseases, leaving naught to recommend it but its site upon a beautiful horseshoe bend in the Mississippi River, was to shine forth a city, the like of which the State of Illinois had not known. A city graced with a temple of God whose white stones and spires were to catch the eyes of travelers for miles up and down the Father of Waters. Nauvoo the Beautiful it was to be called. The saints, now bound together in deeper love through common suffering, were to work this wonder as evidence of the fruits of the kingdom.

The winter of 1839 found from ten to twelve thousand Latter-day Saints in a most pitiable condition upon the lands of Illinois. The hospitable citizens of that State donated thousands of dollars in provisions

and clothing to these suffering people. With the arrival of their Prophet who had broken the bonds of his imprisonment, plans were laid to select a new location for the saints. Some properties had been purchased in Keokuk and Montrose, Iowa. Opposite Montrose in a town known as Commerce lived Daniel H. Wells, who later was to become a prominent figure in the Church. Mr. Wells received the saints and sold them land on most reasonable terms.

The haste with which these sore-pressed souls were thrown upon the muddy shores of the Mississippi made living most unhealthful. The result was the spread of deadly fevers. Very many who came were afflicted. The Prophet Joseph, mighty now in the strength and power of his office, went about administering in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ and commanding the sick to be made whole. The record shows, how, through faith, wonderful instances of healings were accomplished. Then, as before, while yet in the midst of suffering the call came to send the Twelve "over the great waters" (Doc. and Cov. 114:1; 118:4) to fulfill a mission which had been commanded the year previous by revelation. The ravages of disease and the attentions necessary in connection with the movement of the saints had prevented the Twelve's carrying out the will of the Lord earlier.

Before this journey overseas was taken, seven of the Twelve, in answer to another command (Doc. and Cov. 115:8-18; 118:5), held a conference on the temple grounds at Far West, on the morning of April 26, 1839, at one o'clock A.M. At that early hour they laid the corner stone of the temple, and thus fulfilled the revelation so given by the Prophet, much to the dismay of their enemies who had declared, under oath, that these words of the Mormon leader should go unfulfilled.

With the coming of the summer of 1839, the future city of Nauvoo began to take shape above the marshland. Blessings of the Lord, both temporal and spiritual, came abundantly. In August, seven apostles departed for England, from which place was to come a rich harvest from the missionary work begun by Heber C. Kimball and those associated with him in the opening of the British Mission. As a result, some three thousand souls came to Nauvoo by July 1, 1841. At that time, too, Brigham Young, who had been in charge of a permanent shipping agency in Great Britain, arrived with some of his brethren.

While the missionaries to England were aboard, the Prophet Joseph left his followers and made a trip to Washington to present before the officials of the National Government, there, the grievances of the saints sustained during their expulsion from the State of Missouri. Such had been the publicity of the crimes committed that the whole country had been made aware of the "Mormons." They now, too, held "a balance of political power in the State of Illinois" came the cry.

It was upon this trip that the Prophet met and talked with President Van Buren, who at first listened to the story of the Church, but, later, in fear of his own political life turned a deaf ear to justice saying, "Your cause is just, but I can do nothing for you, and if I take up

for you, I shall lose the vote of Missouri."

In disgust, the Prophet left the "city of politicians." His trip was not in vain, however, for during his journey he spoke to large audiences about the cause of Truth. Edward Hunter of Chester County, Pennsylvania, later a presiding bishop of the Church, came into the fold as a result of hearing the message delivered by the Prophet at this time.

With the winter of 1840-'41 came a most liberal charter granted to the city of Nauvoo by the legislature. So broad were its provisions that great good for the Church and its people was seen by the Prophet. A day or two after this instrument of government went into effect, on February 1, 1841, a university and a Nauvoo Legion were organized. The Prophet became the head of the latter, holding the rank of lieutenant-general. Newspapers sent reporters to cover the news of the "Military Prophet." Joseph Smith's fame now had spread to two continents. Publishers sought his word for printed distribution. The result was a short account of the founding and rise of the Church, as written by the Prophet, in which, succinctly, were put the "Articles of Faith," the subject of the Relief Society theology lessons for the past three years.

As one reads these, he is impressed with their simplicity and direct expression of the power of godliness. "We believe" they state. Ours is a faith that leads on to an understanding of the will of God; not a religion of the mind that is shaped from the touch-and-go interpretations of his word by men.

The year 1842 found the Prophet and his people at the height of their prosperity. The *Times and Seasons*, a noted publication of the Church, carried the gospel truths abroad to the world. On March 17th of that year, the Relief Society for the women of the Church was organized. Everywhere, the peace of beautiful homes and thriving industries made Nauvoo a haven of rest for the twenty thousand souls who had come to Zion—a blessing and joy this was to the heart of their Prophet, who prophetically, though, had seen the bitter darkness that lay just ahead for him and his people, even as he then stood radiant in the shafts of sunlight that pierced the thickly darkening clouds.

Suggestions for Active Reading and Discussion

With the help of the suggestive readings given below have the class carry on the discussion as follows: first, answer the question; second, read the assigned part in the Doctrine and Covenants to discover wherein we must "give heed unto his word" which has been written especially for our life in this day.

1. Were the Prophet here today what questions of a spiritual nature might you have liked to ask him? Read sections 129, 130. Perhaps, in part, some of the questions raised by the class will be answered. The thought here is to have the teacher and class come a little closer to the natural and direct way in which the Prophet enlightened his people.

Read the two epistles written by the Prophet to the saints, enjoying them much as you would a letter. These were written during the Nauvoo period when he was forced to go into hiding because of his enemies. Here is as near a personal visit with this man of God as we who were not privileged to know him in life can come (Doc. and Cov. 127, 128).

Visiting Teachers' Messages

Sources of Strength—The Beatitudes

Lesson 7—Blessed Are the Peacemakers

Elder Bryant S. Hinckley

For Tuesday, April 3, 1945

"Blessed are the peacemakers: for they shall be called the children of God" (Matt. 5:9).

Objective: To show that enduring peace between men and nations, in the home and abroad, will come only through the adoption of the precepts of the Master.

TO be able to compose differences, reconcile those at variance, promote harmony and happiness is a rare and precious gift, and this is within the reach of the humblest. We may not be able to write a book, accumulate a fortune, distinguish ourselves in the field of statesmanship or politics, we may not startle the world with inventions, but we can all contribute to the peace and happiness of those about us, and, in so doing, we become real peacemakers. Such indeed are the children of God.

Whosoever cherishes hate in his heart, whoever makes it easier for men and women to suspect each other, to mistrust each other, that individual, regardless of his profession, is fighting against peace. Whoever is hard to live with in the home, whoever is a promoter of strife between man and man, whoever creates discord, discontent, and misunderstanding, whoever preaches selfishness, whoever fosters prejudice is a disturber of peace.

On the other hand, if we are peacemakers, if by what we say, by what we are, by what we do, we preach the "Gospel of Reconciliation"; if we promote peace in the home, peace in social circles, peace between nation and nation, then we are making common cause with the Prince of Peace. His gospel is the gospel of peace.

Enduring peace between men and nations, in the home and abroad, will come only through the adoption of the precepts of the Master, and through magnifying these precepts by actually applying them in our daily lives. "Peace on earth" is not to be established by congress and parliament, nor by any group of international representatives, peace cannot be legislated into existence for it comes from within. The only way to build a peaceful community is to build men and women who are

lovers and makers of peace. Each individual holds in his own hands, in a measure, the peace of the world.*

"Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use you, and persecute you; That ye may be the children of your Father which is in heaven. . . . (Matt. 5:44-45)

Ruskin said: "Do you ask to be the companions of nobles? Make yourself noble and you shall be." If you asked to be called the "children of God," cultivate the divine gift of making peace and you shall be.

*See discourse of Elder John A. Widtsoe, Conference Pamphlet, October 1943.

Literature

New Testament

Lesson 7—New Testament Epistles

Dr. Howard R. Driggs

For Tuesday, April 17, 1945

IT is somewhat difficult for folk today with widespread mail service, the press, and the radio at their command, to visualize how severely limited were the means of communication in the long ago. In these days, gospel messages may be broadcast with electric speed over all the world. With the Savior and his apostles, gospel teaching was largely restricted to places within walking distance, and to conversing with the few who cared to listen. It was a kind of home-to-home missionary service, with occasional opportunities to give the divine message to larger groups, attracted by the marvelous works and words of the Master.

Later, when Paul was carrying forward in the realms of Greece and Rome, he wrote epistles to help him spread the truth. These gospel letters were far more, however, than ordinary communications. In letters, they carried greetings and cheer and courage to the different branches of the Church and, at times, to individuals. They sometimes dealt also with specific problems that troubled the saints. But more than this, they were masterful interpretations of the gospel of Jesus Christ. As such they hold a high place in the world's great literature.

The epistles found in the New Testament, written not only by Paul, but by other evangelists, have classic qualities. Though addressed for the most part to specific congregations, they ring with truth for people of all time. Outside the gospels, no other religious works have been more often quoted in the Christian world; nor

have any had a more profound influence in guiding action along ways of righteousness.

Most of the epistles preserved for us in the New Testament were produced by Paul. How many other gospel letters this ardent missionary wrote, we do not know. Through the busy, troubled years of his ministry he was constantly speaking—portraying the gospel with fervor and clarity before varied types and classes of people from common folk to kings. A hint of his eloquence comes to us in the complimentary remark of King Agrippa: After Paul, as a prisoner, had pleaded the cause of Christ before him, the King said, "Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian."

And Paul replies, "I would to God, that not only thou, but also all that hear me this day, were both almost, and altogether such as I am, except these bonds" (Acts 26:28-29).

His persuasive eloquence vibrates in the epistles preserved for us. These gospel letters reveal not only a clear mind, but a fervent soul. They are the blossoming and the fruitage of years of devotion to the cause of truth, which, with direct commission from the Savior, he had made an intrinsic part of his own being. It was dearer to him than life itself.

Oliver Wendell Holmes once said, in effect, that sermons should not be written until they had been spoken many times—this to round and polish them as pebbles are smoothed and perfected by rolling with the waves on the beach.

Paul doubtless often voiced the profound truths, and the reasons for his belief in Christ, before he wrote his epistles. When he did address one of these gospel letters to saints he had helped to bring into the fold, he was ready for such written expression. He talked to them fervently with his pen; and in doing so, he often expressed great truths with literary finish and force.

Following are a few of his many lines that bear out this statement:

For I am not ashamed of the gospel of Christ: for it is the power of God unto salvation (Romans 1:16).

For the wages of sin is death; but the gift of God is eternal life, through Jesus Christ our Lord (Romans 6:23).

The Spirit itself beareth witness with our spirit, that we are the children of God (Romans 8:16).

Let love be without dissimulation. Abhor that which is evil; cleave to that which is good (Romans 12:9).

And my speech and my preaching was not with enticing words of man's wisdom, but in demonstration of the Spirit and of power (I Corinthians 2:4).

Let all things be done decently and in order (I Corinthians 14:40).

If in this life only we have hope in Christ, we are of all men most miserable (I Corinthians 15:19).

O death, where is thy sting?
O grave, where is thy victory? (I Corinthians 15:55).

But I fear, lest by any means, as the serpent beguiled Eve through his subtilty, so your minds should be corrupted from the simplicity that is in Christ (II Corinthians 11:3).

Be not deceived: God is not mocked: for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap (Galatians 6:7).

"Paul," says Dinsmore, "had a rare power of condensing much wisdom in a sentence. That is why preachers find him so rich in text."

Not all parts of his epistles, it is true, are of the highest literary standard. At times, as critics have pointed out, his sentences are not close-knit; and in places he lacks directness and simplicity. Yet, one quality is never lacking, and that is sincerity. The great evangelist spoke and wrote under the inspiration of the Master, who had called him to his mission to help save mankind. It is this spirit that gave undying vitality to his words of truth and light as he himself so well said: "The letter killeth, but the spirit giveth life."

Under the impulse of the poetic spirit, Paul rises at times to unsurpassed literary excellence. An outstanding example of this is the poem —for such it may well be called—on Charity* (or Love), I Corinthians, chapter thirteen. Read its beautiful lines aloud, thoughtfully:

Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not charity, I am become as sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal. And though I have the gift of prophecy, and understand all mysteries, and all knowledge; and though I have all faith, so that I could remove mountains, and have not charity, I am nothing. And though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and though I give my body to be burned, and have not charity, it profiteth me nothing.

Charity suffereth long, and is kind; charity envieth not; charity vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up, Doth not behave itself unseemly, seeketh not her own, is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil; Rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth; Beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things.

Charity never faileth: but whether there be prophecies, they shall fail; whether there be tongues, they shall cease; whether there be knowledge, it shall vanish away.

For we know in part, and we prophesy in part. But when that which is perfect is come, then that which is in part shall be done away.

When I was a child, I spake as a child, I understood as a child, I thought as a child; but when I became a man, I put away childish things.

For now we see through a glass, darkly; but then face to face: now I know in part; but then shall I know even as also I am known.

And now abideth faith, hope, charity, these three; but the greatest of these is charity.

Observe the perfect balance, the cadence of the lines in this gospel poem. It has the qualities of Hebrew lyric, with something of Grecian polish added. Note also such picturesque expressions as "sounding brass and tinkling cymbal," "suffereth long and is kind," "vaunteth not itself; is not puffed up." Mark too, such upbuilding spiritual suggestions as "seeketh not her own," "thinketh no evil," "rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth." With clarity and charm the lofty theme is developed to its simple impressive close. Its literary excellence is well described in these words of Thoreau: "Perfect sincerity and transparency make a great part of beauty, as in dewdrops, lakes and diamonds."

Other writers of New Testament Epistles, though producing fewer of these than did Paul, still have bequeathed to us some precious gospel letters. Of these we have in the New Testament: one by James; two by Peter; three by John; and one by Jude, the brother of James.

To James, the apostle who was cruelly slain by the tyrant Herod, Latter-day Saints will ever be deeply indebted. It was he who wrote the

*Some translators prefer the word love. Either form is beautiful.

lines that inspired a boy, Joseph Smith, to seek the Lord in prayer. "If any of you lack wisdom, let him ask of God, that giveth to all men liberally, and upbraideth not; and it shall be given him. But let him ask in faith, nothing wavering. For he that wavereth is like a wave of the sea, driven with the wind and tossed" (James 1:5-6). Acting on this sound advice, Joseph took the first step that led to the restoration of the true gospel of Christ in these latter days.

In the Epistle of St. James will be found other inspired lines. A few of them follow:

Every good gift and every perfect gift is from above (James 1:17).

Let every man be swift to hear, slow to speak, slow to wrath (James 1:19).

Be ye doers of the word, and not hearers only (James 1:22).

What doth it profit, my brethren, though a man say he hath faith, and have not works? can faith save him? (James 2:14).

Doth a fountain send forth at the same place sweet water and bitter? (James 3:11).

And the fruit of righteousness is sown in peace of them that make peace (James 3:18).

Good counsel, given in a sweet spirit, characterizes the Epistle of James. One feels in his lines the heart of a man who has tested the truths of life, and is giving them forth as a father talking in plain, but kindly words, to his children.

In the Epistles of Peter, likewise, we get closer to the man himself. His gospel letters reveal a vigorous leader in the cause of righteousness. With forthright sentences, tempered with wisdom and love, he lays down fundamental principles in his trenchant lines of counsel:

But the word of the Lord endureth for ever. And this is the word which by the gospel is preached unto you (I Peter 1:25).

As newborn babes, desire the sincere milk of the word, that ye may grow thereby (I Peter 2:2).

Having your conversation honest among the Gentiles: that, whereas they speak against you as evil doers, they may by your good works, which they shall behold, glorify God in the day of visitation (I Peter 2:12).

And above all things have fervent charity among yourselves: for charity shall cover the multitude of sins (I Peter 4:8).

But grow in grace, and in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ (II Peter 3:18).

Echoes of the Gospel of Saint John are found in the three epistles written by this "beloved disciple." He re-emphasizes the manifestation of God through his only begotten Son, Jesus Christ. He impresses the truth that Jesus was sent to propitiate, not only the sins of the Jews, but the whole world. He stresses also the truth that, if we walk in the light of the Savior, we are in fellowship one with another and with God. From these lines of John's gospel letters we can catch something of his spirit:

He that saith he is in the light, and hateth his brother, is in darkness even until now (I John 2:9).

He that loveth not, knoweth not God; for God is love (I John 4:8).

Perfect love casteth out fear (I John 4:18).

For there are three that bear record in heaven, the Father, the Word, and the Holy Ghost: and these three are one (I John 5:7).

I have no greater joy than to hear that my children walk in truth (III John 1:4).

Discussion and Activities

1. (a) What incidents of the New Testament show the modes of travel in those days? (b) Why was it necessary to teach the gospel orally for the most part?

2. (a) When an epistle was written by Paul or the other apostles, how would it probably be sent? (b) How would it probably be presented to the different groups of saints?

3. (a) What is your opinion of the "learning by heart" kind of education? (b) What quotation from any of the New Testament epistles have you "learned by heart?"

4. Try this little test. First, without help from the New Testament, complete and write on a slip of paper each of the following beginnings of sentences from the epistles. Then turn to the epistles and verify your results.

a. "For there is no respect of person . . ." (Romans 2:11).
b. "Being then made free from sin, ye became . . ." (Romans 6:18).
c. "Vengeance is mine; I . . ." (Romans 12:19).
d. "Know ye not that a little leaven . . ." (I Corinthians 5:6).
e. "For God is not the author of confusion, but . . ." (I Corinthians 14:33).
f. "And where the spirit of the Lord is, there . . ." (II Corinthians 3:17).
g. "And he gave some, apostles; and some . . ." (Ephs. 4:11-12).
h. "Children, obey . . ." (Colossians 3:20).
i. "Pure religion and undefiled . . ." (James 1:27).

5. (a) What are outstanding literary qualities in the epistles of the New Testament? (b) Illustrate by pointing out the qualities you name in the quotations given in this lesson; or in other quotations of your own selection.

Social Science

Modern Applications of Ethical Principles

Lesson 6—Honesty, the Core of Character

Dr. Harold T. Christensen

For Tuesday, April 24, 1945

Lesson link: The discussion last time centered around truth and its perversions. It was shown that truth is the very framework of ethics, but that because of abuses; such as ignorance, lying, cheating, hypocrisy, expediency, et cetera, the highest morality is frequently never reached.

Lesson aim: To analyze the ethical aspects of character and to show that honesty is at the heart or core of it all.

THE last hundred years or so has been described as the age of science. During this period, more than at any other time, man has been occupied with the discovery and analysis of facts. And in this quest for factual truth man has been largely successful, for he has greatly extended the boundaries of his understanding, making possible, thereby, a speedier progression and a higher morality.

But facts alone are not enough. In spite of the world's technological advancement, it is doubtful that it is any more happy or any more moral than before, as we have shown in an earlier lesson. Knowledge means power; but power used without principle is a curse rather than a blessing. The misapplication of facts is as often to blame for the ills of man as is the ignorance of facts. Science cannot substitute for virtue. The right application of knowledge and the right use of power are far more important than knowledge and power in and of themselves. Technical education without adequate ethical orientation is of questionable value. It is time for man to realize that character building is the most important business of life.

Character Versus Reputation

It was shown last month that truth is frequently abused and distorted in an attempt at self-benefit. The highest morality depends upon our ability to strive for:

Truth instead of falsehood
Intelligence rather than ignorance
Information in place of confirmation
Straight thinking in place of fantasy
Sincerity in place of indifference
Certainty along with sincerity
Intellectual honesty instead of self-justification.
Analytic searching rather than dogmatic defending
Conviction in place of skepticism
Confidence without arrogance or self-pity
Self-interest without cheating
Humility without self-depreciation
Statesmanship rather than politics
Honor rather than expediency
Genuineness rather than hypocrisy
Principle rather than profit

Whenever truth becomes neglected or perverted in any of the ways discussed (or any other way for that matter) morality suffers.

Dishonesty is the willful abuse of truth, whether it be on the covert, the verbal, or the overt plane. Some people are dishonest because they won't think straight, others because they lie, and still others because they cheat. But most dishonest individuals offend on all three of these levels covering up deceit with more deceit.

Because of this all-too-common tendency to cover up or hide the real self from others, there is frequently a fundamental difference between a person's character and his reputation. Character is what we are, while reputation is what we seem to be to others. If everyone was entirely honest, character and reputation would be identical; but since all are not honest, man is easily fooled and injustice is perpetuated.

A Sunday School teacher assigned the twenty-fifth chapter of St. Luke to be read for the following week. When the class reassembled he asked how many had read the assignment, and about one-third of the hands went up. "Well," he remarked to the startled group, "you are just the ones I want to talk to for my subject is on lying, and there isn't

any twenty-fifth chapter in St. Luke." Several years ago Eddie Cantor offered a $5000 prize to high school students for the best essay on peace. Out of the thousands of entries a young man was selected and taken to New York City to be honored and awarded the prize. But before the end, it was discovered that he had copied a large proportion of his essay word for word from a magazine article published a few years earlier. Needless to say, he went home in disgrace and without the prize, all because he had failed to understand the meaning of plagiarism. These are only two of many examples that could be given to illustrate the existence of basic dishonesty in society around us. Studies reveal that quite a high percentage of our young people copy and cheat in school. But the problem doesn't stop there. Even a cursory self-analysis along with an examination of society at large will reveal that cheating is not confined to school nor to the young alone.

Those who seek to build or protect their reputation by deceit will do well to remember that, "nothing is secret that shall not be made manifest; neither any thing hid that shall not be known and come abroad" (Luke 8:17).

The Role of Honesty in Character

Hugh M. Woodward (*Humanity's Greatest Need*, pp. 117-120) following an arrangement by Mrs. Noneita Richardson, summarizes the major qualities of character by comparing them to the construction elements of a building. The aim or motivation for building the temple of character is happiness through self-unfoldment and service to humanity. The temple is located on the mount of service beside life's highway. The great sustaining pillars which support the entire structure are self-respect, self-effort, self-control, and self-poise. The foundations of the temple are honesty, trustworthiness, sincerity, and courage. The floor is made up of perseverance, temperance, frankness, and humility. The doors for entrance into the temple are faith, a passion for the truth, an interest in all life, constant industry and effort, and a wakeful conscience. The windows of the temple, which represent the attitude of a righteous soul, are a genuine interest in life, a sympathetic understanding of others, tolerance, and love. The color scheme is cheerfulness blended with refinement, kindliness, gentleness, and gratitude. The dome or crowning feature of this temple of character is made up of charitableness and altruistic service.

Some of these features of character we have already discussed in earlier lessons, and others will be examined on later dates. While the scheme obviously is not perfect as it stands, it is at least suggestive. With close study, it may seem desirable to add additional qualities of character not mentioned here or to rearrange the order and relative position of those given. But, perfect or not, such a scheme should at least prove helpful in any character analysis.

To the writer the most significant thing about this temple of character is the including of honesty in the foundation. It would be impossible to even conceive of character without honesty, for any structure founded on deceit and falsehood is founded upon sand rather than rock,

and must inevitably fall. Furthermore, a careful scrutiny of the other factors of character listed here will reveal that they are all related to basic honesty. Honesty, then, may be considered as the core of character.

Character Building

The roots of character reach back into infancy and early childhood. Character building starts soon after birth and continues throughout life, as the individual learns and absorbs the moral codes of those about him. But the first impressions are the most important, for they arrive when the personality is most pliable, and they set the stage or determine the focus for later ones. As the twig is bent the tree is inclined.

Parents sometimes fail to realize the tremendous responsibility that is theirs in shaping the characters of their developing children. Aside from their frequent neglect of moral instruction in the home, impression and example are often of the wrong sort. It is likely that we teach more by what we are than by what we say, and for this reason many children go wrong. Righteousness is contagious, but, unfortunately, so also is unrighteousness; and too many parents are in the second class. Sometimes children are woefully neglected, sometimes they are bossed and shoved around in the spirit of ownership without any training in responsibility and self-control, and sometimes they are actually encouraged by their parents to lie or cheat or in other ways be dishonest and unsocial. Children are a blessing, a gift of the highest order. But with every gift comes a responsibility, and, unfortunately, there are many modern parents who fail to realize this. Irresponsible parenthood is back of most of the immorality of the day.

While the home is the first and the most primary nursery of character, it does not stand alone. The church, the school, and other groups or persons that the individual contacts and from which he absorbs culture are also involved. Morals do not come ready-made, and the making of morals is the responsibility of us all.

Character building requires instruction and example of the right kind; respect for individuality and personality; opportunity for responsibility and self-control; and all of this from parents, teachers, and associates who come in daily contact with the young. Whether our children develop into immoral expedients or honorable characters depends, in a large measure, upon us. Adult ethics (or lack of ethics) and juvenile delinquency are intrinsically related.

"God Give Us Men"

Abraham Lincoln represented the type of manhood so much needed today when he said, "I am not bound to win, but I am bound to be true; I am not bound to succeed, but I am bound to live up to what light I have. I must stand with anybody that stands right; stand with him while he is right and part with him when he goes wrong."

It is this type of resolution and courageous honesty that forms the core of character. Too many people in the modern world lack the strength that comes from honor, for

they have no honor; too many are Machiavellian, living for profit rather than principle. There must be no compromise with right and truth. What we need today is men and women who know the right and who have the honesty and the courage to live it, even when others aren't looking; men and women of fidelity, integrity, and honor.

In conclusion let us say with J. G. Holland:

God give us men! A time like this demands
Strong minds, great hearts, true faith, and ready hands;
Men whom the lust of office does not kill;
Men whom the spoils of office cannot buy;
Men who possess opinions and a will;
Men who have honor; men who will not lie;
Men who can stand before a demagogue
And damn his treacherous flatteries without winking;
Tall men, sun-crowned, who live above the fog
In public duty and in private thinking;
For while the rabble with their thumb-worn creeds,
Their large professions and their little deeds
Mingle in selfish strife, lo! Freedom weeps,
Wrong rules the land, and waiting Justice sleeps.

Problems for Thought and Action

1. Defend the statement that character building is the most important business of life. Have we departed from character emphasis in this age of science? Discuss pro and con. Why is factual knowledge alone insufficient for righteousness.
2. What is the difference between character and reputation? Why is there so often a difference between the two? What are the three levels of dishonesty? Give illustrations of dishonesty on each level. Why is a dishonest person so often dishonest on all three levels? Discuss. Is anyone one hundred per cent honest? Discuss.
3. Here is an actual case that might be used for debate or lively discussion: A young man in returning home from a party about three o'clock in the morning accidently awakened his mother, who then asked him the time of the night. He answered, "Plenty after twelve" but said it in such a way as to make it sound like "twenty after twelve." Technically he told the truth; but actually, by intention, he gave the wrong impression. The question is, was he lying? Think of other examples of "technical honesty" and decide whether the question of honesty is to be judged on the basis of words or intended meanings.
4. Name the major elements in the temple of character outlined in the lesson. If you have a blackboard available it might be well to try your hand at drawing the temple and labeling the various parts. Discuss the entire scheme and see if there are any suggestions for adding other elements or rearranging those listed. Show how honesty is central and basic in it all. Could the other qualities exist without honesty?
5. Why are the habits and attitudes learned in the early years of life so deeply engrained in the character complex? Why are parents so important in the process of character building? Name and discuss some of the mistakes parents make with reference to character training of their children. Discuss the places of the church and the school in character formation.
6. Read aloud and then analyze Holland's poem "God Give us Men." Find examples of honesty in the lives of Abraham Lincoln, George Washington, and other great men, and then show how their honesty has paid them dividends. In looking ahead to the next lesson show how the virtues of love, service, and tolerance would be largely negated without honesty as a starting point.

Selected References

BENNION, MILTON, *Moral Teachings of the New Testament*, pp. 119-152 (out of print).

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PRESIDENT HEBER J. GRANT, *Gospel Standards*, "Significant Gospel Themes—Honesty," p. 30.

Doc. and Cov. 10:28; 42:21.

Special Problems in Housekeeping

(*Continued from page 50*)

getting rid of him. All openings should be closed. Traps of the coiled spring type are useful. Bait should be fastened securely to the trigger. Bacon, sausage, fresh bread or cake or fresh fruit are the rat's favorite foods. Poison bait is dangerous. Be sure to exercise great care in its use.

References:

America's Housekeeping Book, Chapter 25.

"Starve Those Moths," *The American Home*, Vol. 27, pp: 11, 13, 21, May 1942.

"Don't Let the Moths Eat Your Wools," *Good Housekeeping*, p. 148, April 1943.

Literature to send for:

Supt. of Documents, Washington, D.C., for bulletins on insects.

Bureau of Entomology, Washington, D.C., for the leaflet on ant baits.

"Clothes Moths" 145L Office of Information, U. S. Department of Agriculture, Washington, D.C. (listed free, do not send stamps.)

ODE TO CHILD PSYCHOLOGY

Mildred R. Stutz

I filled my head with a store of knowledge
From doctors, pamphlets, hospitals and college.
I studied eugenics, genetics, and zoo,
I've reaped information wherever I go.
I delved through psychology and child care,
Vitamins, diets, clothing, and hair,
Punishment, teething, and education,
Corrective guidance and sanitation.

My schedule told me just what to do,
I fed him at six, at ten, and at two.
A bath at nine-forty then sleep 'till eleven,
And his codliver oil came strictly at seven.
He was in bed by six—although he might shout,
The door was closed tight and the lights were turned out.
With such competent training, I can't comprehend
Why it's all forgotten before he turns ten.

He's the subject, the object, and source of my wrath.
It's a full day's job to give him a bath.
He crawls through the windows and slides down the stairs.
His falsetto soprano rends the air.
He bangs the door and swings on the gate,
He kicks up the flowers, and comes to meals late.
He teases, he kisses, he stumbles, he shouts,
He questions, he answers, he argues, he doubts.
I've finally concluded that it's useless complaining,
For boys will be boys in spite of their training.

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